

THE
LADIES' MUSEUM.

New and Improved Series.

DECEMBER, 1831.

THE VILLAGE CURATE,
OR A CHRISTMAS-EVE TALE.

BY EDWARD LANCASTER.

Christmas was coming, in those merry times
When, in conformity to ancient rules——

Colman.

The night of sorrow now is turned to day.

Shakspeare.

ALL HAIL! to thee, Christmas!—
Once again hath the circling year,
guided by old father Time, arrived at
thy inspiring period!—And once again
do bright visions of childhood flit
fondly through the vistas of memory
to recal old gambols—old tales—and
old customs to our hearts. The Yule-
dell, with its sugar-plumb mouth,
seems once more to smile *sweetly*
upon us. The wassail-bowl hisses
through its very teeth with laughter;
—and the huge plumb-pudding swells
yet larger in its dignity, as, with a
group of playmates, we greet it with
the solemn, yet cheerful, salutation of
ALL HAIL!

All hail! to thee, jocund season,
which thus can thrill the heart with
such pleasing sensations. Thou never
approachest without restoring me to
childhood and happiness; and I sit,
and think upon those times till my
bosom throbs, the springs of my head
are opened, and my very fingers' ends
tingle; for too true it is, that, let our
cares have been what they may, still
does the mind love to rest upon times
past, still does she linger, with un-
availing regret, on that distance-
brightened, — distance-hallowed pe-
riod! and, were the irregular streams
of thought carefully sifted and scanned,
those waves which ebb towards the
half-smiling, half-melancholy, strand
of retrospection, would be found more
productive of delicious emotion than
Dec. 1831.

those which glide through any other
channel; as, with very rare exception,
memory is sure to bring back the form
of some departed friend—some loved
being—or some happy circumstance,
to which distance adds a charm by
obliterating all *trifling* cares; and
mellowing and softening, as it were,
the harsh outlines appertaining to
“time present,” places before the
mind's eye a picture on which it is
ecstasy to dwell.

I was lost in these, and similar con-
templations (one foggy morning after
breakfast), on calling to recollection
the near approach of Christmas, when
I mechanically took my pen and made
a minute of the principal events which
had befallen me on every succeeding
anniversary of that season since the
earliest moment to which memory
reached. The review was a pleasing
one; and I shed a few tears, and en-
joyed a few smiles as I dwelt upon it.
Amongst these, an occurrence which
took place a few years ago raised some
enchancing emotions, and, as I love
participators in every pleasure, I will
relate it to my readers—for “Auld lang
syne.”

It was at the opening of a February
morning that I strolled, in the course
of a pedestrian tour I was then taking,
through the romantic hamlet of H—,
in —shire. There was no snow
upon the ground, but, what looked
infinitely more beautiful, the surround-

ing vegetation was covered by a thin mantle of hoar frost, which here and there caught on the bright edges of its chrystalized incrustations a red ray from the new-born sun, that seemed to scatter upon the white surface a long train of glowing rubies. Attracted by the fineness of the morning, a few robins were hopping to the sound of their own cheerful chirrupings in search of crumbs, and approached the dwellings of man with seeming fearlessness. At a little distance from these stood a longing brood of water-fowl upon the margin of a frozen pond, and by their cackling appeared loudly to protest against this innovation of Jack Frost upon their territory; whilst an army of hens and chickens walked, with impunity, upon the ice-bound bosom of the hitherto dreaded water. All nature around was tranquil and quiet. The very smoke seemed to steal more silently than usual through the air in light blue curls, and as I looked upon the village from the eminence upon which I stood, and which surrounded the entire vale, I almost fancied that I had gained admittance within the chosen settlement of the sons and daughters of old Winter themselves. One thing, however, surprised me: it was seven o'clock in the morning, and yet not a soul was to be seen—neither man, woman, nor child,—and I could not forbear remarking upon the singularity of the circumstance to my friend Lennord Bartlett, who stood by my side.

"Some festival has no doubt called the inhabitants from home," he replied,—“but hark!” added he, placing his hand to his ear, as if to catch some distant sound, “can you not hear the clanging of hammers?—’Tis surely the Cyclops who are raising such a din! Let us descend into the vale, and learn what they are about.”

I love to speculate upon country manners and country scenes, so I closed with the proposal immediately, and off we set. On reaching the decline of the hill we proceeded directly onwards through a row of straw-thatched cottages, and crossed a meadow at its termination; from thence we pursued a beaten footpath round a

small enclosure of fir-trees, which led to a broad grove of stately oaks, whose leafless boughs sparkled in bright array as the light of the great parent of vegetation fell upon them. The avenue was one of considerable length, and ascended the opposite hill to the one on which we had been standing; up this eminence we bent our course, and, about midway, burst upon a scene of bustle and animation which it would be difficult accurately to describe. On a large plain—partly the work of art, and partly of nature—shelving in the side of the hill, was the shell of a beautiful edifice, composed entirely of stone; and nearly three hundred beings were all engaged, in spite of the frost, about its completion. Some were occupied in raising immense stones to their destined elevation, others in preparing different portions of the interior. Children ran here, and women there, with a cheerfulness and alacrity that gave their employment more the appearance of a pastime than that of hard industry: and what rendered the affair more remarkable was, that men apparently in good circumstances, and unused to such labour, contentedly submitted to the directions, and obeyed the orders of the common workmen with the most implicit attention, and with a smile upon their faces.

“Women, children, farmers, and shopkeepers, all turned house-builders!” I exclaimed, in surprise,—“what can this mean, I wonder!—and what place are they erecting?” My observation attracted the attention of a farmer who stood near, and, with a rough courtesy, he replied, “This be Peacemaker’s Hall, your honour; we be building it for parson Stevens to live in.”

“*Peacemaker’s Hall!*” echoed Bartlett, “my life on it there is some romantic circumstance connected with this event. Let us endeavour to learn it; the detail may be interesting.”

By no means averse to having my curiosity gratified, I entered into conversation with the farmer, who, with genuine English hospitality, invited me to partake of a tankard of hot ale and some cold beef. My friend and self at once accepted the invitation,

and, whilst we swallowed the repast, I gleaned from our entertainer the following particulars.

Adam Whitethorne was a substantial farmer in the village of H—, and was the sire of a large and promising family, whose ruddy looks and good dispositions did honour to the stock from whence they sprung. Numerous, however, as his progeny was, he boasted of but one girl,—and she was dear as the apple of his eye. Phœbe Whitethorne was the pride of the whole village; and the beauty of her person, the accomplishments of her mind, together with the unaffected innocence of her manners, well entitled her to that distinction. She was just seventeen—dark, rosy, bright-eyed, and smiling. In height she was under the middle size, but beautifully formed; and, for symmetry of hand, arm, or foot, she might have competed with any female aristocrat in the land. Being, as she was, the idol of her father, far greater pains were bestowed upon her education than is the case with farmers' daughters in general, consequently she shone equally conspicuous in the higher female acquirements, as in the more domestic ones of the humble but respectable sphere to which she was born. Ever since her birth farmer Whitethorne had directed his whole attention towards her future welfare in life, to secure which he resolved to remove all his sons from the farm, and, by bringing them up to other professions, enable them to support themselves without drawing upon the produce of his freehold, which it was his intention to give wholly and solely to his darling Phœbe on her wedding day. In doing this he was careful to be guilty of no injustice towards his sons, as the situations in life in which he placed them were, to say the least, respectable; one being an attorney, another an apothecary, a third a grazier, and the rest equally "well to do." Thus each was content. All loved their beautiful sister with a truly fraternal warmth, and envied her not the inheritance which was destined her.

This is a true outline of the unity and friendship to be found in most

country families. *Contentment* is their motto; *industry* their golden rule; *what ought to be, ought to be*, the lesson from whence they learn their maxims; and *a love of their relations* the tie which bind them to the social hearth. Whitethorne had ever inculcated these principles in the opening minds of his children, and when old age, like a fine winter, crept on, it joyed him to see that the seeds of his instructions had been productive of good fruit; and it formed a delightful point of sight to behold him, when the village assembled for purposes of merriment, seated in the rustic couch which stood beneath the shade of a honey-suckle outside his door, and to watch the tall, manly forms of his sons, and the sylphiad figure of Phœbe, as they gaily trod the mazes of a dance, or joined in some other innocent amusement. At such times he would bring his hands together with a sound resembling the echo of a gun, and, brightening into a world of smiles, exclaim, "Look, dame!—look, neighbour Goodman!—There I be, young again—strong again—aye, and handsome again!" This applied to his eldest son. He would then pass to the next, and laud his activity; from thence to the others; but when he reached his daughter—his youngest—his darling—he put no bounds to his encomiums, and his enthusiasm frequently rose to such a pitch, that he would start from his chair, dash into the thick of the dance, and display as much vigour as the best of them.

With all this warmth of heart, however, old Whitethorne was a strict disciplinarian, and exacted the strictest obedience. He was the richest farmer in the neighbourhood, and had acquired his wealth through a uniform attention to his various duties from a simple herdsman to his present station; integrity was his guiding principle, and he attributed the strength of mind which had enabled him to resist every temptation to swerve from his duty to the attention undeviatingly paid to the lessons of his father. From his children he therefore expected the same line of conduct, and they would sooner have thought of turning old Ocean's course, than

of altering the Mede-like laws of farmer Whitethorne, who, had such ever been attempted, would certainly have exercised the same stern justice displayed by Brutus, in their condemnation and expulsion from home.

The lands belonging to Whitethorne were very extensive, but he experienced a great source of annoyance in consequence of the grounds of a neighbour stretching more than half way into the middle of them. To remove, or rather to gain possession of this, had long been the darling wish of old Adam's heart; but the difficulty lay in the accomplishment of this plan, as farmer Goodman, the owner of the intrusive grounds, was one of his oldest cronies, and, in fact, they had started in life together; it was, consequently, impossible to adopt any unfriendly or underhanded means to effect his purpose; and Gaffer Goodman was in nowise disposed to part with his smiling pastures to gratify the whim even of an old friend. At length the bright idea struck Whitethorne of concluding a match between Goodman's only son and his daughter Phœbe, on condition of the ground in question being settled as a dowry upon the bride. Now, in forming this scheme, it never occurred to the farmer that there was a difference of nearly thirty years in the ages of his daughter and Goodman, junior. He had, ever since the latter's return from school, been accustomed to speak of him as *young* Goodman from year to year, and (so long as Gaffer lived) he considered him a mere youth. Father and son readily agreed to the match; and old Whitethorne, in the joy of his heart, declared he had now lived long enough—yet his actions did not prove so, as his head speedily became filled with projects of improvement, which would have taken years to execute. He would often, at the close of a long summer's day, detach himself as it were from the world, and retire to his plantations, where, seating himself, with a pipe in his mouth, beneath the drowsy, nodding branch of some proudly-towering oak, he launched uninterruptedly into the glowing channels of thought. Improvement after improvement,—

speculation after speculation,—wandered in his mind as he smoked, and every whiff bore on its undulating cloud some bright fancy, or some happy conceit, which floated for a moment on the thin blue vapour, and then dissolved into air, to be succeeded by a fresh puff and a fresh idea. Thus, in the enjoyment of that superlative pleasure, castle-building, he wore away the evening, and when the last rays of Phœbus lingered upon the western hills, as if to light his departure, he rose, and pocketing his pipe, slowly strolled homewards, to drink his evening jug of "home-brewed," read his Bible, and contemplate the opening beauties of his daughter.

But what said our village heroine to these arrangements? She, pretty little soul!—she had no will but her father's. Her heart had as yet formed no acquaintance with Cupid, and perceiving that a great portion of her father's future happiness depended upon a compliance with his present wishes, she acceded to them with the same affectionate indifference with which she would have changed a white frock for a black one; caring little what colour she wore, so long as Whitethorne was pleased. The responsibility of the matrimonial tie never once occurred to her, and Phœbe listened for hours together to the uncouth descriptions which her antiquated lover gave of future joy, and believed them all without an effort.

In this manner months rolled on. Phœbe enjoyed her life like an Arcadian shepherdess, and sported and frolicked as happily with her lambs, or female acquaintance, as by the side of *young* Goodman. One day a pretty village lass entrusted Phœbe with the important secret that she was about to be married, and begged of her to employ her superior taste in selecting some wedding ornaments for the occasion.

"But where am I to procure them?" asked Phœbe.

"Oh, Miss Whitethorne!" returned the girl, "there has come an old woman to live at I—, which is only three miles off, and she makes the most beautiful marriage favours in the whole world."

"Well," replied the good-natured Phœbe, "I have no objection to employ my humble judgment in your service. I will therefore immediately go and ask Mr. Goodman to accompany me."

"Oh, no, no!—not for ever so much," said the lass, hastily; "nobody is to know any thing at all about the concern till every thing is settled. Pray, pray oblige me, and go alone—I would offer to go too, only I cannot be spared from my work. Here is the money, miss."

"Keep it yourself, my dear," said Phœbe, gently putting back the hand which held the proffered coin, "you have entrusted me with a mighty secret, and in return I will make the trifle I may purchase a present to you."

"Oh! thank you, ma'am," said the girl, dropping a courtesy, delightedly; "thank you; I'll go this minute, and tell my Thomas how good you are." So saying, she again bent in thankfulness, and flew off like a young roe.

"My Thomas!" echoed Phœbe, thoughtfully, and, as she reflected upon the warmth of affection which seemed to dictate the word *my*, as the girl uttered it, a sigh—she knew not wherefore—stole from her pure bosom, and it was with a pensive step that she pursued her path homeward.

Having attired herself in her modest cloak and gipsy hat, Miss Phœbe proceeded to fulfil her secret commission. The road she was about to take stretched beyond her father's grounds (which extended for some distance over the hills that overlooked her native vale), and from thence wound across a rough uneven soil, until it reached an extensive range of rocks and mountains, crowned with closely-clustered trees, and ornamented with those beautiful pieces of falling water which Nature appears to have designed, in some sportive mood, as a miniature representation of the tremendous cataracts that at once appal and astonish the inhabitants of other climes! Embosomed amid four of these mountains lay, in peaceful security, the town to which our heroine was going, and, with a light heart and fearless

step, she bounded from hill to hill until she reached it.

The important business over, Phœbe prepared to return with her purchases. On arriving at the summit of a lofty rock, which it was necessary to pass, she paused for a while to survey the enchanting prospect beneath her feet. Hill, dale, rock, and mountain, interspersed with purple-clad heaths, stretched as far as the eye could reach, in ever-varying beauty. Here and there a thin column of smoke, or a few sheep, added motion and animation to the scene; and, as her eyes successively caught each charm that formed a prominent feature in the landscape, Phœbe could scarcely refrain from uttering aloud her admiration, and her fascinated gaze wandered again and again across the country.

Whilst thus dwelling upon the beautiful manner in which were scattered these manifestations of a Providence, a rushing sound, as if the sea had leaped its bounds, suddenly struck upon her startled ear, and, at the same time, a wild commotion seemed to burst among the trees and shrubs at some distance from the overhanging mass of stone on which she stood. This was occasioned by one of those whirlwinds, or hurricanes, that at distant periods are known to visit different parts of England, and which, like a water-spout, confines itself to a small space in the air, and proceeds impetuously along, overwhelming, with resistless force, all obstacles to its progress.

This *air-quake*—if we may be allowed the word—was at a distance of nearly ten miles when Phœbe first beheld its effects, and, from the violent stir of wind around her, she knew it was fast approaching the very rock she rested upon. Her situation was one of peril; already were the branches of trees behind agitated in an unusual degree, so as to shut out all hopes of passing between them with safety. To descend in front was certain destruction, and to escape on either side an impossibility, from their almost perpendicular steepness. "God help me!—I am lost—lost for ever!" cried the terrified girl, in a wild burst of anguish, and she was about to fling

herself in despair upon the earth, when a voice like a trumpet's blast—with all its melody, too—ascended through the troubled air, and cried, "Courage, fair one!—leap from the cliff into my arms—quick, quick, or you are indeed lost!" She looked down, and about twenty feet beneath saw a young man, in peasant's attire, with arms outstretched to catch her; his foot was fixed securely amid the bare roots of a willow, which seemed to start from a projecting crag, and his body was supported against the branches, so that no danger was to be apprehended of his being thrown off his balance by so light a form as Phœbe's. She hesitated not an instant; no other way was left for escape; and crying to Heaven, "*Thy will be done!*" she leaped from her dizzy height, and lighted safely in the stranger's arms. "Now," he exclaimed, "hurry to reach yon oak, near the body of the rock lower down—look to your feet, and move with speed, for each moment is worth a life-time—hold fast by my arm."

With astonishing presence of mind Phœbe obeyed every word of these instructions. But the tempest was too speedy. Already was it roaring near, and hope itself was bowing beneath it, when the stranger, with that dauntless resolution which a sense of danger often supplies, threw an arm round his companion's waist, and jumping from his resting-place, caught in his descent a branch of the tree they had been striving to attain with the other. Here he remained suspended—the whirlwind flew onwards—the beetling crag, before mentioned, toppled as it passed—was broken from the main rock, and fell perpendicularly within a few feet of the awe-stricken eyes that watched its descent. Bush, and shrub, and tree, crashed in sounds of thunder beneath the weight of the descending mass, and finally, on reaching the bottom, the immense block of stone shivered into ten thousand pieces. When the convulsion this concussion occasioned had subsided, the person, who had so seasonably afforded his assistance to Phœbe, quitted his hold of the tree, and dropped himself, with his now insensible

burden, to the ground; he then laid her upon a small hillock, and sprinkled her face with water from a neighbouring streamlet. His assiduities were not without their effect, and in a few minutes signs of reanimation appeared, and she was enabled, in a short time, to return thanks to her deliverer.

"Enough—enough of that, madam," said the stranger, gently interrupting her artless eloquence; "tell me where you reside, that I may be freed from all anxiety by seeing you safe into the arms of those who will best know how to calm your alarmed spirits."

Phœbe, a stranger to mistrust, acquainted her preserver with the place of her abode, and clinging to his arm, suffered him to lead her towards home. They had not proceeded far before they perceived, at some distance, the form of a man, apparently extended upon the ground, and, fearing it might be some victim of the tempest's fury, they hastened to the spot, in order to render assistance, if necessary; they were, however, soon undeceived on a nearer approach; the person was kneeling, and by his side a child, not more than four years old, bent in the same humble attitude, and, with uplifted hands, lisped forth a prayer which the other dictated.

"It is our *village curate!*—Oh, I hope he is not hurt!" cried Phœbe, flying anxiously forward; but before the curate could reply, a loud scream was heard, and from a small cluster of trees rushed a woman, who, catching the child frantically to her heaving breast, exclaimed, "He's saved—he's saved!—Great God of Mercy, my child still lives!" and easing her surcharged heart by a flood of tears, she again embraced her son, and covered him with kisses.

"Thanks to a merciful Providence! he does," returned the curate, rising as he spoke.

"But how? I saw him—oh, dreadful sight!—fall as if dead, after being carried forward many yards by that terrible wind."

"He did so," said the curate, "and might have met destruction in the eddy of stones and dust which whirled

with the tempest, had I not fortunately perceived, and thrown myself upon him till it had past."

"Oh, sir!" said the woman, "how shall I—how can I thank you?"

"Not to me are thanks due, but to Him who sent the tempest—to Him who spared thy child; kneel, therefore, ye who have escaped scathless, and let us join in thanksgivings for our safety."

All present bent devoutly to the ground, whilst the divine upraised his hands and eyes towards Heaven, and uttered aloud an address of praises to the Deity. The appearance which the little group now presented was deeply impressive. The mother pressed her hands with energetic force, as she raised them on high, and her lips moved in earnest aspirations; yet she could not refrain from ever and anon stealing a look of rapture upon her child, as he knelt opposite to her, and poured forth his infantine gratitude to God. Phœbe bent with meek and lowly reverence, and the stranger displayed a depth of feeling and devotion, as he knelt on the grass, which, perhaps, might not have been expected from one of his appearance; whilst the curate stood erect, and as his upturned countenance reflected the light of the sky, a halo seemed to spread around it, and he appeared like the prophet, who having restored the widow's child to life, was now unfolding the goodness of Him whose power he had been instrumental in making manifest.

To the serenity of this group, the surrounding scene formed a marked contrast. Trees, torn up by the roots, lay scattered in all directions; cottages, which an hour before formed commodious habitations, now stood in ruins, or were entirely blown down; and huge fragments of stone increased the roughness of many a rivulet's passage along its course. But the hearts of the little assemblage were at rest, and the disturbed state of Nature had no other effect than that of reminding them of their recent preservation. When the fulness of gratitude was poured forth, the party divided—the mother and child towards a neat newly-built cottage, which had escaped

the general wreck, and the curate, with Phœbe and the stranger, in the direction of H—.

During their walk, a conversation ensued, alike interesting to all parties; but Phœbe soon became a mere listener, as the village curate expatiated on the mercy of the Supreme, and her other companion entered into a magnificent description of the more awful visitations of other countries. He had seen the tremendous avalanche overwhelm villages! He had witnessed the general and irremediable desolation produced by a West-Indian hurricane! He had beheld the earthquake destroy large cities! And, as both actor and spectator in the horrors and carnage of war, he had seen a conquering army devastate nations! In detailing these things, an unostentatious goodness of heart and nobility of mind, united to deep perceptive powers, displayed itself, and he won so powerfully upon his hearers, that they remained profoundly silent whilst he spoke. The little party had by this time reached the hills that bounded H—, where they were met by Goodman, junior, who had set out in search of Phœbe (as soon as he had assured himself that all danger was past), and now uttered a vociferation of joy at seeing her, not exceedingly unlike the braying of a donkey. Phœbe sighed as she unintentionally drew a mental comparison betwixt her destined husband and the young man whose pleasing tones yet rung in her ear. The former was ungainly in person, unpleasing in face, and rude and vulgar in behaviour; in addition to which, he had passed his prime, and was exceedingly illiterate. The latter possessed a graceful form, a handsome countenance, and was gentlemanly in his manners; besides being young and accomplished. What wonder, then, that the contrast acted unfavourably towards Goodman, and by the time our party had reached White-thorne Farm, he stood about as much chance of ever gaining Phœbe's affections, as does a blue-faced baboon of captivating a swan.

We are writing no novel, and therefore need not dilate upon the meeting between Phœbe and her family. It

was one which, according to the *prescribed* phrase, may be "much easier conceived than described;" old Whitethorne's heart was full, and the tenderest springs of its sensibilities overflowed at his eyes, as he alternately caressed his daughter, and grasped her deliverer by the hand. This latter person proved to be a tenant of Whitethorne's; he was son to what is termed a "gentleman farmer," and at the age of eighteen had purchased an ensigncy in the ——th regiment, then about to leave Britain for foreign service. Richard Hastings (for so was he named) remained abroad more than six years, and then returned, like too many others, unpromoted for want of *patronage*. On revisiting the home of his childhood, he found that misfortunes had surrounded his father, and held him prisoner until ruin overtook him, and then—his heart broke, and he died!

Richard was now alone in the world. No eye kindled into a welcoming glance to greet him; no hand was stretched forth to smooth his care-marked brow; nor was any door opened to shelter him. His miserable pay was insufficient to maintain him as a gentleman, and he therefore resolved, like a second Cincinnatus, to seek for a livelihood in the bosom of our common mother. Having sold his commission, he purchased some necessary implements of husbandry, and hired a small farm in H——, which he attended from morning till night with unflinching and praiseworthy industry; and might, perhaps, have died unknown but for the accident which introduced him to Phœbe. This occurrence brought him into notice, he was invited to "drop in" at eventide by several of the principal farmers, and more particularly by Whitethorne, who conceived a strong partiality for him; nor was the daughter a whit behind in conceiving favourable sentiments towards one to whom she was so deeply indebted; her heart felt its alliance with its counterpart, and, for the first time, she discovered that there were more refined pleasures than she had as yet tasted—an interchange of congenial sentiments.

Amid all this, poor Goodman was

sadly neglected; and it was by the rarest chance that he now ever enjoyed an hour of Phœbe's society; whilst Hastings, by the oddest accidents in the world, was continually meeting her, and, on such occasions, they generally had so much to say, that they preferred a walk two or three miles in extent, rather than leave their chat unspoken. These rencontres always took place in the evening, whilst old Whitethorne was castle-building under his favourite tree, and their rambles confined to a shady walk—your shady walks are dangerous places for young hearts to wander in—at the very outskirts of the village.

"Phœbe," said Richard, during one of these strolls; "Phœbe,"—for he had insensibly acquired familiarity sufficient to address her by her Christian name—"Phœbe,"—Phœbe turned her radiant countenance with a smile upon him at the third summons, and he proceeded—"Aye, look me in the face, Phœbe, and answer me truly—do you *love* young Goodman?"

"I don't know," she innocently replied.

"Are you not anxious for the wedding-day to be settled?"

"N—o. I would rather wait a *little* longer."

"Then it is evident you do not love him. Oh, Phœbe! why has your father consigned youth and beauty like yours to age and ugliness! Would you not, Phœbe, have rather that his choice had fallen upon a younger man?"

"N—yes," said Phœbe, almost afraid to confess the truth.

"And think you not, that your heart would be more prompt in dictating a reply to the question—'Do you love that man?'"

"Perhaps so."

"And suppose, Phœbe—suppose that your father *had* selected a younger man, and that that man was me, could you—could you, sweetest girl, place your affections upon his choice?"

Phœbe blushed like the western hemisphere at the setting sun's approach, a tide of conflicting emotions agitated her bosom, the true state of her heart flashed with startling suddenness upon her; and, bursting into

tears, she exclaimed, "Do not—it is cruel to ask me!"

As the dying zephyr lulls the trepidations which some gust of wind had aroused, so did Richard, in accents lowered almost to a whisper, calm the troubled mind of Phœbe. "Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," were uttered by him in the ear of his loved one—for *dearly* did he love her—and, in a voice melodious as an Æolian harp, but subdued as its lowest cadence, she replied to him. Again he spoke, and again she answered; and long, long lasted that sweet conference, until the twilight of evening stole gently away, leaving the lovers in darkness. No light shone near, save the effulgence of Phœbe's eyes; no witness was by save the maiden herself; and Richard, gently passing his arm round her waist, drew her near him, and stole the first kiss which ever had been snatched from her lips by any but her family.

"Remember!" said Phœbe, in allusion to some part of their conversation, and holding up her airy finger, "you are not to speak before me!"

"I give you my word—"

"That will never do—*keep it*," interrupted Phœbe, playfully; then, taking his arm, she proceeded towards Whitethorne Farm.

For the first time in his life the farmer looked angrily upon his daughter as she entered; and, instead of his usual greeting, said, in an angry tone, "So, miss! where'st thee been till this time o'night?"

"Only—merely—just taking a little evening walk, dear father," faltered Phœbe.

"Aye, and wi' an almost stranger. Be this thy way o' showing thy love for honest Mr. Goodman here?"

"Oh! name him not, father!—I do not—cannot love Mr. Goodman!" shrieked Phœbe, surprised into an expression of her real sentiments, and throwing herself upon her father's breast in an agony of tears.

Dove never flew from hawk faster than did Goodman skip from his seat to the opposite end of the room. A broad stare of amazement sat upon his features, and a sound between the yell of a drowning cat and the war-whoop

of an American Indian, escaped his expanded lips, whilst Whitethorne sternly asked for an explanation of his daughter's words.

"They are easily accounted for," said Hastings; "I love your daughter, sir," (Goodman repeated his yell) "and she has given me permission to ask your consent to our union."

"Never, sir!" cried Whitethorne. "How dare thee tempt my child to such disobedience?" he added, indignantly. "Leave my house, sir, this instant! Thou'st saved Phœbe's life, and I'll repay thee in any other way you wish; but never more shalt thee darken the threshold o' my door!"

The blood leaped in a deep crimson tide to Richard's brow, and an expression was in his eye, which some might have trembled to look upon, but a meaning glance from Phœbe, who now raised her head, stopped his resentment from further displaying itself, and, with a cold, haughty bow, he left the room.

"Dom'd rascal that he be!" muttered Whitethorne, "if't hadna' been for my bairn's sake, I'd ha' felled him to the airth. But ne'er mind, Phœbe, lass; I'll forgive thee thy part as soon as neighbour Goodman ha' bussed thy cheek; so go, lass, and ax his pardon for what thee said."

The habitual deference which Phœbe entertained for her father's slightest commands, and the unqualified obedience she was accustomed to pay them, caused her now to rise and approach Goodman, before reflection could point out the deceit of the action. Thought, however, with its wings of speed, soon overtook her intentions, and she paused, irresolute how to act.

"Why doant thee do as I telled thee, lass?" said Whitethorne.

"Oh merciful Heaven," she exclaimed, "I cannot!" and she sunk into a seat. The farmer's rage now knew no bounds, and he launched into a torrent of upbraidings and invectives, until his passion reached such a height, that he vowed the banns should be published on the following Sunday, and his daughter be immediately married to Goodman, who stood all the time with outstretched

neck and staring eyes, like a goose with the quinsy; but as soon as he heard Whitethorne's decision he gave a chuckle resembling the whistling of wind through a crevice, and made his exit.

In vain were the subsequent tears and entreaties of Phœbe; Adam Whitethorne continued inexorable. He had set his heart upon the match, with its concomitant advantages to his lands, and he was immovably determined it should take place.

Unmarked, but by the grief of Phœbe, and the sternness of her father, the time past by until the appointed wedding-day arrived. The bridegroom, old Gaffer Goodman, and a bevy of friends, were assembled at an early hour in church, ready for the bride's arrival. After waiting above an hour, and finding that she came not, the husband-elect grew impatient, and dispatched a messenger to hasten her approach. The ambassador soon returned, and, with a look of dismay, announced that not a soul was to be found at home.

"Odds boddikens! I doant relish this," exclaimed Goodman the younger.

"I'faickens, nor I neither," added his sire.

"It appears our time has been spent to no purpose," said the clergyman, closing his book.

"A—men!" sung the clerk, starting from a temporary nap on hearing the curate's voice. The smile which this elicited from the impatient group was speedily checked by the appearance of Adam Whitethorne, riding in full gallop across the churchyard. On reaching the door he sprung from his horse, and dashed up to the altar like a shot, exclaiming that his daughter had fled.

"Fled!" echoed all present, save the expectant bridegroom, who preferred giving, by way of accompaniment, a roar which might have been heard by his fugitive intended, however far off.

"Aye," returned Whitethorne, the tears pouring down his furrowed cheeks, "fled!—She's abandoned the home that sheltered her sin' infancy—she's disgraced a fair name, that ne'er

afore was sullied—and oh!" he continued, striking his breast, "she's well nigh broken her old father's heart!—But may—"

"Hold, Farmer Whitethorne," interrupted the curate, "remember that this place must be prophaned by no unseemly words. Let us adjourn elsewhere, and temperately discuss the calamity which has befallen you." Whitethorne bowed his head, and tottered from the place, accompanied by all who felt the slightest sympathy for his misfortunes.

Our readers have, no doubt, already surmised that Richard Hastings was the partner of Phœbe's flight. Such was indeed the case, and with them went Patty Flowerdew, the village girl, for whom it may be remembered Phœbe had undertaken to purchase some wedding ornaments. On the third day after their elopement, Patty was seen tripping towards the residence of the village curate, and, upon reaching the door, she requested to be admitted into his presence. This was immediately granted, and with a low courtesy, she told him that Phœbe earnestly entreated an interview with him as soon as possible.

"Indeed!" said the curate, thoughtfully, "but where am I to find her?"

"At the cottage of Mrs. Oldham, the person whose child you saved from the tempest, please your reverence," replied Patty.

"Very well,—then she may rely upon seeing me," said the divine, and with this message Patty departed.

The Reverend Harvey Stevens, for such was the name of our curate, belonged to that numerous and learned,—that highly honoured and much abused class of gentlemen, commonly denominated "the working clergy," amongst whom a real and practical piety,—an active benevolence, and a strict attention to the duties of their sacred functions may be found, which we oftentimes in vain seek for amongst the more elevated and pompous members of our church. Surely it is not the revenues of a bishopric,—a pedantic display of learning,—a flowery, metaphorical, or perhaps metaphysically abstruse harangue, delivered at periodical times, that constitutes a

Christian minister—the true prop and pillar of a Christian church.—No ; it is the unostentatious virtues we have mentioned ; the true spirit of our blessed Redeemer, on which depend the respectability and usefulness of a divine, and which render the generality of country clergymen actually, virtually, and really, the brightest ornaments, the true supports of the Protestant faith, and, in point of real utility, as far superior to the hierarchy as is the clear and steady flame of a wax candle to the flickering and uncertain glare of a flambeau. Such a one was Harvey Stevens,—a bright star in that splendid constellation of the clergy we have described, whose brilliancy enlightens the rest of the system. His father was a younger branch of a noble family, and possessed but little worldly wealth, but out of that little he had cheerfully awarded a portion towards educating his only son, Harvey, at Cambridge, as the bent of his inclination had led him to select divinity as his profession. On Stevens' admission to the university, he entered, with devoted ardour, upon his studies, and his indefatigable industry—aided by his superb natural talent—soon gained him the highest academical prizes, and after taking the most honourable degree the college could bestow, he left Trinity, with the reputation of being one of the most profound scholars and sound theologians that had ever quitted its walls, added to the still more desirable one of a sincere Christian and a good man.

No wonder, then, that when he entered upon the duties of his calling, as curate of H—, he did so with a piety and zeal which called forth the commendation and admiration of all his parishioners. He practised what he taught, he added example to precept, and out of his narrow stipend saved a little hoard to ameliorate the sufferings of those in want. Another virtue, too, shone conspicuous as the sun amidst a cluster of stars—Harvey Stevens was a *peace-maker*, and many a wife, when she pressed a repentant husband in her arms, many a father, when he grasped an erring son by the hand, breathed a silent benediction upon the curate as the cause.

Fully acquainted with this amiable trait, Phœbe Whitethorne had now sent for him to implore his mediation in obtaining the farmer's forgiveness of her disobedience, and, after hearing her tale, he benevolently promised to do all he could to effect the desired reconciliation, but when, on entering Whitethorne's farm, he announced the occasion of his visit, its owner abruptly interrupted him, by declaring he would never see his daughter more.

"This is not as a Christian should act," said the curate, mildly, although something of reproof blended with the usually benignant ray of his blue eye.

"Heaven forgive me then," cried the farmer, "but I can't do it, parson ; she's wrung my old foolish heart to the quick ; she's mown the ears of hope from the straws which supported 'em ! and made me—*me*, her feyther—a laughin' stock to my neighbours. And in return for what ?" he added, rising with emotion,—“why, for loving her as a miser does his goald, and indulging her like a lady's pet-lamb. What, parson, have I been toiling these last sixteen year for ?—To amass money for Phœbe ! Why did I, loike a fool, lay plots to improve my lands ?—That the improvement might please Phœbe ! For what did I consent to my sons' abandonment of their native hearth ?—Acause I wished my fair property to have no other owner but Phœbe !—Phœbe, Phœbe ! was ever on my lips.—Phœbe sat queen on my heart's throne, and yet Phœbe has been the first of my bairns to make me miserable.”

The curate sighed as he perceived that it would be of little avail to attempt stemming the torrent of Whitethorne's passions, and he sorrowfully returned to inform the poor girl of his ill success. She was now half-distracted, and with trembling hands wrote to her father, but the letter was returned unopened. Knowing, too well, that if she herself went, her father's door would be closed against her, Phœbe now petitioned her brothers to sue for forgiveness. Alas ! Whitethorne was equally deaf to their entreaties, and peremptorily forbade their ever broaching the subject.—

Even the villagers mourned his obstinacy.

Thus passed many weeks away; summer had vanished from the scene, and winter's snows were coming on. The villagers were all on the alert to prepare for Christmas, save Whitethorne, who, as he wandered gloomily amid the gay throngs of his neighbours, seemed like a shattered oak rearing its rough and time-worn branches in the centre of a smiling tulip bed. He was in this manner brooding upon his ruined hopes the day preceding Christmas eve, when the curate tapped him on the arm, and asked him, "Why so sad?"

"The merry times, parson," was the laconic replication.

"These, methinks, farmer, ought to give your spirits a rouse!"

"So they did; but memory knocked 'em down again. Look'ee, Mistur Stevens;—for sixteen years not one Christmas day ha' passed without my seating mysen at head of table, wi' old dame and all our young ones round it. An't it enow then to break one's heart, when I look for'ard tid' day after to-morrow, and think that the soft seat of my only daughter will be empty?—A'nt it, a'nt it, think ye?" and he burst into tears.

"Come, come, my worthy friend," returned the divine, "we must dispel these corroding reflections. It is sinful, at this period, to be sorrowful, therefore favour me with your company to-morrow evening, and I will strive to promote a return of cheerfulness. I will not be said nay."

"Heaven bless thee, sir, I will do as ye wish,—but I feel that happiness ha' broken partnership wi' me for ever—but I'll come for all that." So saying, Whitethorne departed, and the curate thoughtfully pursued the way he had been taking.

Whitethorne was punctual to his appointment, and for some time carried on a desultory conversation with his host, until the reverend gentleman offered to perform a few airs upon the piano for his amusement. Being fond of music, the farmer thanked him for the proposal, and, accordingly, Mr. Stevens, after running his finger across the keys, commenced playing that

beautiful, but now almost forgotten ballad, of "Dulce Domum!"

There is nothing perhaps appeals more delightfully to the feelings than the sound of an old and well known melody. This was a tune which Phœbe, in her happy hours, had frequently played over to her father, and its well remembered plaintiveness now touched him even to tears. "Doant ye, sir, doant ye play that," he exclaimed, with agitation, "or I shall be like a child before ye."

"Very well," said the curate, closing the instrument, "then suppose I relate some entertaining tale instead."

"I should like it much, sir; for though thee bee'st a parson, I suppose there be no harm in telling a story now and then."

"None. Moral fictions were employed by the *sinless One* himself, to disseminate religion, and there is no greater proof of their efficacy than that every sentence forms some text for our conduct; every text has been the subject of lengthy moral discourses. However, I will at once proceed with my *Christmas Eve tale*.

"Near the city of Florence," he thus began, "resided the haughty Count Lorenzo di Francavilla; many fleeting years past had seen him a widower, with but a son and daughter to enliven the solitude in which he chose to confine himself. Luigino, his heir, was proud, but affectionate; courageous, yet temperate; and bid fair to sustain, with every dignity, the honours of his house, when the death of the count should call him to enter upon that arduous task. Camilla di Francavilla was all that statuary ever modelled of female grace, all that painter ever traced of female loveliness, and all that poet ever drew of female virtue. She loved, and was beloved in return—but the object of her choice was needy, and as the Francavilla estates had suffered from the early extravagance of its present possessor, it did not suit Lorenzo to impoverish it still more by abstracting any sum wherewith to portion his daughter; it was therefore decided that she should enter the convent of Santa Maria, and there take the veil."

"And what is taking the veil in a convent?" asked Whitethorne.

In reply, the curate entered into a luminous and lengthy detail of the customs of her Catholic countries, and portrayed, in vivid colours, the horrors of a conventual life. "To this secluded state," he continued, "was Camilla consigned, though much against her brother's wish, who loved her much. But her mind revolted at this tyranny of her father's, and, assisted by her lover, she contrived to escape to a small villa on the banks of the Arno, where they were speedily united."

"Well, I be glad of that," again interrupted the farmer, "for 'twould ha' been a woundy shame for the bonny lass to ha' been a convent nun all her lifetime.—But what said the feyther when he heard of it?"

"The count was one," resumed the reverend divine, "who, when reclining his head upon the pillow at night, could say, '*forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us*,' and yet nourish an implacable desire of revenge for any supposed injury."—(Here the farmer moved uneasily on his seat.)—"He therefore, on learning his daughter's flight, called down the most shocking imprecations upon her head, and sent a body of armed men to force her back to the convent. In vain did she implore, in terms of touching eloquence, for mercy; Lorenzo laughed her to scorn, and vowed, that unless she would take the veil, his heaviest curse should light upon her, and his own dagger drink her blood. Think, farmer, how dreadful this must have been—to be torn from the arms of a fond husband, for the purpose of being hurried to a place where all is darkness and gloom; where the severest punishment ever follows the lightest transgression; and where friends, relatives, all—all we love, are shut from us for ever. And for what?—To gratify worldly ambition!"

"But," said Whitethorne, in a state of violent perturbation, "why did'nt she get some leal friends to speak in her favour?"

"She did, but Francavilla spurned them from him."

"Her brother then, who loved her, sho'd ha' put in a word."

"'Twas useless," said the curate with animation, "the count shut his ears against Luigino's supplications."

"Then she sho'd ha' comed herself," cried the farmer, half rising from his seat.

"She did, she did!" exclaimed the curate.

"Aye! and what then?—quick!"

"Luigino led her to her father's door, whilst an aged monk pleaded her cause; and, after the holy man had sufficiently acted upon his feelings, he rose," continued the curate, himself rising at this moment.

"Well?"

"He approached the door."

"And what followed?" faltered Whitethorne, breathlessly.

"He laid his hand upon the key—he turned the lock—he unclosed the door—and there stood——"

"My child!—my precious!—my Phœbe!" shouted Whitethorne, as the curate, suiting his actions to his words, threw open the door, and disclosed to view our beautiful heroine, supported by Hastings, and surrounded by her brothers, with her hands folded supplicatingly, whilst her dark locks laughed in undulating luxuriance down her ivory neck and shoulders, as if in joyful anticipations. "Father, dear father! do you—will you forgive your erring one?" she exclaimed, as she bounded forwards, and sank into the extended arms of Whitethorne, with her head upon his bosom; whilst the curate gazed upon the scene with all the ineffable benignity of some youthful evangelist.

After the pause of delightful emotion which succeeded, Hastings approached with smiling face and firm step, saying, "Now, Farmer Whitethorne, allow me once more to plead for your daughter's hand."

"Why thee'st gotten it already man, hast thee not?" asked worthy Adam, in some surprise.

"No," said the curate, "but 'suspend your admiration' while I explain. Your daughter had not proceeded many miles after her elopement, when, repenting of her disobedience, she resolutely refused to proceed any fur-

ther. Marry Mr. Goodman she was determined she never would, but she was equally resolved not to marry Mr. Hastings without your consent. Taking up her abode, therefore, at the cottage of a respectable widow, she dispatched me to express her unconquerable aversion to Goodman, and to beg your approval of her own choice. You refused to listen to me. She wrote, detailing every circumstance attendant upon her flight, and informing you that she was not married. But why need I dwell upon these things. You know all, and now, how do you intend to act?"

In reply, the farmer rose and took a hand of his daughter and of Hastings; they knelt in silence, and Whitethorne, as he joined their hands, said, in an impressive tone, "The blessings of Heaven be upon ye, my children, and long may ye live in each other's arms to enjoy them.—Amen!"

* * *

These are the circumstances which

were rudely related to my friend and self, as before mentioned. The couple were united, by license, on Christmas day, and the curate dined with them at Whitethorne's table. The whole village were so delighted at their favourite Phœbe's return, that as an acknowledgment to the curate, who had been the cause, and also as a proof of their estimation of his virtues, they united in building him a commodious residence (which they denominated *PEACE-MAKER'S HALL*), upon a piece of freehold land which the lord of the manor very readily presented them for that purpose, as the eloquence of Mr. Stevens in the pulpit had done him good service, by inducing many of the nobility to reside on his estate for the convenience of being near H—. It is seldom that either good or evil come singly: just at this period the rector of H— was translated to a bishopric, and the vacant incumbency bestowed upon

THE VILLAGE CURATE.

THE SAILOR'S DREAM.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

THE tempest was o'er, and our vessel safe moor'd,

The whirlwind in sighs died away;

And slumber each toil-wearied comrade secur'd,

Save the watch, who look'd out for the day!

While Sleep o'er my senses her soft curtain drew,

In bright visions Hope lur'd me to roam,

On the gay wings of Fancy, transported I flew,

Till I gain'd the dear spot of my home!

Methought, that the latch of our cottage I rais'd,

Where mem'ry restor'd to my sight

A mother, whose dimm'd eyes with tenderness gaz'd,

As she view'd me, with eager delight!

A sister, whose lip to my own fondly press'd,

Implor'd me, no longer to roam;

And my heart how it flutter'd, when clasp'd to *one* breast,

That welcom'd the wanderer home!

'Twas the maid of my bosom! whose footsteps so oft

Stray'd to meet me, the heather among;—

The boatswain's shrill whistle here pip'd us aloft,

Yet I thought 'twas the woodlark that sung!

But the visions that cheated my fancy soon fled

When I gazed on the wide ocean's foam;

And sigh'd, as I look'd from the mast's dizzy head,

For the peace of my own mountain home!

THE ORPHAN.

BY JOHN S. CLARK.

THERE sat a young and fair-haired boy
 By that new burial stone,
 In sable garb his limbs were clad,
 And he was there alone.
 The tear of latent woe bedew'd
 The azure of his eye,
 And piteous was the look he gave
 To greet the passer-by.

"Now, what ails thee, my pretty one?
 I prithee tell to me,
 Thy playmates in the neighb'ring field
 Are laughing merrily;
 But thou, my child, say, why dost thou
 Thus solitary pine?
 Sure, tears were made for riper age,
 And not such years as thine."

"Oh! let me tarry here," he cried,
 Far, far from mirth apart;
 Kind stranger, you can little know
 The agony of heart,
 The pang which forced enjoyment gives,
 When only grief would flow,
 The mantling of the cheek to hide
 The bitter wreck below!

"I had a father once—he died,
 And left me all alone;
 For what can be the world to me—
 Or life—now he is gone?
 A mother's love I never knew,
 She died to give me birth;
 And I, a helpless child, am left
 A stranger upon earth.

"When sickness weighs my spirit down,
 Or sorrow dims my brow,
 Oh! who shall heal me with his smile,
 Or who shall cheer me now?
 No heart responsive beats to mine,
 No eyes their vigils keep,
 I can but mourn my lot, and yet
 They chide me if I weep.

"When late I sought my once lov'd home,
 (And lov'd and cherish'd yet,
 For all its by-gone scenes of joy
 Can I *so soon* forget?)
 Methought my rankled heart would break
 The harsh reproof to hear—
 Its door, alas! was closed to me—
 I was a 'stranger' there!

"But as the dove, when sought in vain
 Some rest-place for her feet,
 Flew wearied to the peaceful ark,
 Her sure—her safe retreat,

So often stealing from the world
 To these still shades I come,
 In fancy talk with him beneath,
 And make his grave my home.

"Then, pitying stranger, wonder not
 Why these sad tears should flow,
 For Heav'n, in mercy, sends their balm
 To lull the throbs of woe.
 Smiles were not made for those who mourn;
 Should one these lips dispart,
 The gleam that lighted up my cheek,
 Would break my bursting heart!"

He ceased, and I—I could not soon
 That little mourner leave,
 I knew 'twere vain to chide his woe,
 Or bid him cease to grieve:
 I spoke to him of other joys
 That God to man had given,
 He only answered with a sigh,
 And pointed up to—Heaven.

"True, true," I cried, "and would you woo
 His spirit from its sphere,
 Call it from springs of bliss to quaff
 The cup of anguish here.
 A little while and you shall join
 The angel form you mourn;
 Yes, we shall go to him, although
 To us he'll ne'er return.

"And what is life, that we should wish
 To lengthen out its span;
 Oh! why prolong the fleeting hours
 That form the age of man?
 Is it so sweet to bear the thorns,
 While all the flow'rets die?
 Man meets existence with a tear,
 And ends it with a sigh."*

Alas! 'twas not for words to move
 The calm but deep despair,
 Which clouded o'er that youthful brow,
 And fixed its shadows there.
 He seem'd a lost and helmless bark,
 By winds and waters driven;
 His only port the bourne beneath,
 His only hope—in Heaven.

I passed again that silent grave,
 The orphan child was gone,
 Another line was sketched upon
 The snow-white burial stone;
 And kneeling by the grassy sod,
 I breathed a grateful pray'r
 To Him, who called him to the skies,
 To join his Father there.

* The departure of the spirit is generally indicated by a long and deep-drawn sigh —C.

STORY OF MICHAEL KELLY.

BY AN OFFICER'S WIDOW.

"Poor Kelly!" ejaculated Captain Melville, as he returned one morning from parade, and threw himself despondingly on the couch in the drawing-room.

"What of Kelly?" I inquired; for I had entered immediately after my husband, and had overheard his exclamation.

"He is disgraced," he replied, in a voice that betrayed extreme emotion: "he is disgraced, and the noblest fellow in the regiment must be tied up and flogged like a slave."

"You are aware," continued my husband, in answer to my further inquiries, "that the man who was yesterday convicted of an assault on his superior officer, was to have suffered to-day. At an early hour this morning it was discovered that he had escaped; and equally evident, from the circumstance of part of a crow-bar, with which the grating of the condemned cell had been wrenched away, having been left behind by the prisoner in his flight, that the sentinel must either have connived at his escape, or, contrary to strict orders, have admitted to him some person who had furnished him with the means of liberation.

"Immediately on the discovery, the whole of the men who had mounted guard during the night over the condemned cell were sent to confinement. Kelly was among the number; and, as he passed me, on his way to the guard-room, feeling a conviction of his innocence, I spoke to him in encouraging terms. The poor fellow shook his head despondingly, and thanked me in a manner which convinces me of his having some knowledge of the transaction. What it may be, I shall probably soon learn, as an investigation is now about to take place, at which I have orders to be present. If Kelly proves seriously in fault, I shall be both surprised and pained; but for his own dejection I could freely have answered for his entire innocence."

Having partaken of a slight refreshment,

my husband left me to attend the examination, in which he felt a peculiar interest, as the whole of the men who had mounted guard over the prisoner were of his own company, the —th regiment having been at that time on duty.

It was a subject of pride to Captain Melville, that the conduct of the officers and men of the corps to which he belonged, had long been such as fully to maintain the high reputation it had acquired in the service. It may be readily conceived, therefore, that a case like the present was productive of the most poignant regret; in the present instance it was doubly painful, as the offending party was one of the most deserving men in the regiment. Always foremost in the hour of peril, the name of Michael Kelly was connected with instances of personal bravery that would have done honour to the most exalted character; while in his intercourse with his comrades his conduct had ever been irreproachable. Did an officer require any service of extraordinary difficulty, or a comrade an office of confidence and friendship, Michael Kelly was the man applied to; his influence, which was considerable for his situation, and his purse, slender as it was, were ever accessible to a companion in difficulty; and never was known an instance of a commission having been neglected, or a trust abused by him. Generous and high-minded, yet gentle and unassuming, the man was looked up to by his comrades as a model of discipline, and by his officers esteemed less an inferior than a friend.

There was, moreover, a circumstance of peculiar interest connected with the name of Kelly—an instance of self-devotion, that deserves a more lasting memorial than it can derive from these imperfect pages—that may be equalled, but cannot be surpassed, in the annals of friendship.

At the period of his entering the regiment, a spirit of disaffection had appeared among the men, originating in the undue severity of a subordinate

officer. In this offence the proud spirit of Kelly, not yet accustomed to the restraints of military discipline, and his friendship for one of the aggrieved party, had involved him.

Decisive measures were deemed necessary to check the progress of insubordination, and five of the offenders were, on their conviction before a court-martial, sentenced to suffer death. The sentence was, however, mitigated, two only of the number being eventually doomed to suffer, and the condemned party having to cast lots for the decision. Kelly drew a prize, and with his two equally fortunate companions was immediately set at liberty. His friend, however, was less successful; and in seeing him remanded to his cell, our hero felt that he could gladly resign the freedom he had gained, to alleviate the confinement, and share the fate of his comrade.

"I will save him!" he ejaculated, as he repaired to his quarters: "I will save him for his wife and his poor babes. If he deserves his sentence I am equally guilty, and am, besides, unincumbered; my death will not throw a widow and helpless orphans on the world."

As Macdonald (such was the name of Kelly's unfortunate friend) was to suffer on the following morning, there was no time to be lost; he solicited, and obtained permission to visit him in his cell at an early hour on the following morning. He found the unhappy man in the arms of his distracted wife; while his two infant children were playing on the floor of the prison, in happy ignorance of the sufferings of their wretched parents.

"Macdonald," said Kelly, when his friend observed him, and warmly grasped his hand, "you are a husband and a father—you have a wife, who looks to you as the main-stay of life—you have children, whose only dependence is on the arm of their father; I, on the contrary, am unconnected, and have no one to regret me. Let me undergo the sentence, from which the favour of the lots has alone exempted me. Nay, Mac," continued he, as his friend shrunk with horror from the proposal, "can you

think of your poor wife and helpless boys turned adrift upon the world? It must not be! I am of your own height and figure, and can easily pass for you, by concealing my face."

The wife of the condemned man joined in the entreaty with all a mother's eloquence; even the smiles of his innocent babes seemed forcibly to appeal to him not to desert them, and the heart of the father was subdued. At that moment a guard of six grenadiers entered, and demanded the prisoner. Kelly threw off his jacket, and surrendering himself to the unsuspecting escort, was led forth with his fellow-sufferer, while Macdonald remained behind in almost torpid insensibility.

The whole of the troops in garrison were under arms, and, as the prisoners appeared, the long roll of the muffled drum sounded in unison with the melancholy scene. The appearance of the sufferers was in the highest degree firm and becoming; the taller of them alone was observed to droop his head on his bosom, in such a manner as effectually to conceal his features.

"Make ready!" and the muskets of the men appointed to the work of death clicked audibly in the ears of those assembled; "Present!" and the hearts of many, who had dared unflinchingly the perils of the field, sickened as they gazed. At that moment a stir was perceived among the ranks, and Macdonald, rushing forward, called on the soldiers to stay their arms, declaring himself to be the person doomed to suffer.

He had awoke from his stupor to a full conviction of the danger of his too generous friend, and breaking from his wife's arms, had hastened to snatch him from the fate that so imminently threatened him.

The commanding officer advanced, and demanded an explanation, which Macdonald gave with a grateful eloquence that melted every heart; at the same time tearing off the bandage from the eyes of his friend, he discovered the noble features of Michael Kelly clouded with disappointment. In a tone of passionate sincerity Kelly reproached him with unseasonable interference, and turning from the

encomiums of the officers, his eye encountered the approving glance of Colonel T—.

"My brave fellow!" ejaculated the venerable commandant, as he grasped the soldier's hand. It was too much for the "proud yet meek" spirit of poor Kelly; his colour came and went alternately, and a flood of tears alone saved him from a most unsoldier-like fainting fit. The two condemned men were remanded to their cells, till the pleasure of the governor should be known; the urgent application addressed by the colonel to head-quarters was not likely to meet a refusal. In a few days Kelly was summoned to that officer's presence, and from his hands received the life of his friend Macdonald, and his companion in distress.

"A complete Damon-and-Pythias scene, which I would not have lost for fifty guineas," said the colonel, as he returned to his quarters, after having restored to the delighted Kelly the two men, whom his generous act of self-devotion had rescued from an untimely death.

Such was the man whose conduct was now undergoing an investigation. The reader will, I conceive, be disposed to think that Melville's confidence of his proving innocent of any serious offence was not ill-founded.

On the return of my husband, I was not long in ascertaining the result of the examination.

The men who had mounted guard over the condemned cell having been relieved every hour, a considerable number were, of course, implicated. Kelly having been among the latest on guard, was not produced for examination until after several others had been brought up; but at his own request he would not probably have been examined at all, so general was the conviction of his innocence, from his previous exemplary character.

One of the suspected party, a man of weak mind and nervous temperament, terrified at the apparent danger of his situation, had been so far overcome, as to reply in a confused and prevaricating manner to the questions put to him on his examination. His confusion having been attributed to a

consciousness of guilt, had produced a strictness and sternness of investigation that had rendered the poor fellow completely unintelligible, and he was remanded to close confinement, previously to his taking his trial on a charge of aiding and abetting the criminal's escape—a breach of duty, to a suspicion of which his weakness and incapacity naturally exposed him. The other men were, of course, set at liberty.

Kelly refused the proffered enlargement, and learning the situation of poor Drummond, the name of the soldier who had been remanded on suspicion, desired to be immediately conducted before the court, which had not yet separated, representing himself to have certain disclosures to make.

"Well, Kelly, what have you to say?" inquired the officer who presided, not a little surprised at his appearance.

"I have reason to fear, sir," replied the soldier, "that the escape of the man over whom I mounted guard last night, is owing to a breach of duty on my part."

"Ha!" cried the officer, in a tone that expressed surprise and regret, feelings in which the whole court evidently participated. "Kelly," resumed the officer, "I am ready to receive your deposition; yet feel it my duty to remind you, that whatever you may now say will hereafter appear as evidence against you: be careful, then, not to criminate yourself."

"I thank you, sir, but must not conceal the truth," replied the soldier; "come what will, Michael Kelly is not the man to shrink from the consequences of a breach of duty."

"You remember, gentlemen," continued he, addressing the court in a manner at once firm and respectful, "you remember, gentlemen, how bitter cold it was last night. At four in the morning I went on guard; and while stationed at my post, the but-end of my firelock frozen to my fingers, and my numbed feet slipping at every step on the ground, where the sleet fell and congealed instantly, I could not help thinking of the many poor wretches who, with scarcely a rag to

cover them, and not a morsel to satisfy their hunger, were turned adrift on the world, to perish in a night like this. I could not help thinking, gentlemen, of my own fortunate condition, with plenty of wholesome food, a warm great coat that, at least, kept the snow from my skin, and a blazing fire in the guard-room, after my hour should expire. I thought, gentlemen, how grateful I ought to be for these blessings, and how compassionate to my less fortunate fellow-creatures.

"At this moment a poor woman approached me; she had an infant in her arms, whose faint cries told how ill it could bear the piercing cold that chilled its little shivering frame. It was the wife and babe of the man under my charge. She told me, gentlemen, a moving story, a story that would have gone to the heart of either of your honours. She had been in hospital at the time of her husband's imprisonment, and had only been discharged the night before; the little innocent she carried in her arms, her first and only child, had never been seen by its unhappy father. 'It was born *almost* an orphan!' shrieked the poor mother, as she held the babe to my view; 'do not then refuse my husband the consolation of embracing his infant for the first and last time!' Gentlemen, I could not withstand her entreaties—I gave her admittance to her husband, limiting her stay with him to half an hour. When she came out she seemed a different being, and thanked me with a fervency that fully repaid me for the risk I had run. I little thought, however, that she had concealed under her cloak the —."

"Kelly," interrupted the officer, "let me once more warn you to criminate yourself no further; what you have already said reduces me to the painful necessity of ordering you to close confinement. While, in common with the members of this court, I respect the feelings that prompted you, and regret that they should have betrayed so deserving a soldier to a breach of duty, I cannot forget that I myself have an imperative duty to perform. I must remand you to close confinement, and beg you to withhold from those with whom you may have

communication all reference to the present distressing affair; reserve your disclosures, if you are determined on making them, for the court-martial to which you will forthwith be brought. I would suggest, however, the expediency of your preparing a defence, as, if convicted, your punishment will, I grieve to say, be of no slight nature."

"And I will bear it, sir," replied the poor fellow, grasping the hand which the presiding officer kindly extended to him. "I will bear it; and though I am not proof against a woman's tears, I will shew that sixteen years' service have taught me not to shrink from the just punishment my judges may inflict on me. I am aware, sir, what military discipline demands, and am ready to pay the penalty of my offence, trusting that my officers, while they condemn the soldier, will pity the man!"

The poor fellow's voice faltered; each member of the court, on rising to retire, warmly pressed his hand, and Kelly was conducted to his confinement, more than ever an object of interest to those who had witnessed the weakness as well as the nobleness of his character.

The wife of the man who had escaped was produced as evidence at the court-martial, which shortly after took place. Her testimony corroborated the circumstances given in Kelly's confession; with the additional fact, that he had, on her leaving her husband's cell, given her the only shilling he possessed, desiring her to procure nutriment for the child.

Other evidence was produced, to prove the fact of the woman's having boasted of furnishing her husband with the means of liberation, thus establishing the aggravating circumstance of Kelly's misconduct having been the cause of the criminal's escape.

However, in consideration of his previous good character, and voluntary confession, the lightest punishment that could be given for such an offence was awarded him. Had it been a sentence of death, Kelly would have heard it without shrinking; but, as it was, it almost robbed him of his

fortitude—to undergo that degradation which to a proud spirit is worse than death—to be tied up to the triangle, in the sight of those comrades who had long looked upon him as the standard of military propriety, such a prospect presented to his sensitive mind terrors scarcely endurable.

As he bent, however, to the judgment of the court, and retired with his guards, his firmness and calmness of manner returned, and none but the most scrutinizing eye could discern aught of the struggle within.

During the time that elapsed between the sentence and its execution, unwearied efforts were employed to save the delinquent from punishment, but to no purpose; the sentence had been as light as, consistently with military regulations, it could be, and no further mitigation could be granted.

Every face wore an air of gloom, from that of the field-officer of the day to the little drummer, who gazed at a distance, when Kelly appeared on the parade-ground to receive his punishment. They beheld before them a man of known merit, about to suffer for a breach of duty, which did as much honour to his humanity as it was free from all moral blame—about to suffer too a degrading corporal infliction, from which his proud and manly spirit shrunk with horror.

Kelly bore his punishment with that unflinching firmness which might have been expected from his character. As, however, he walked with a firm step to his quarters, his eye shrunk from an encounter with his comrades, and his countenance betrayed a mind subdued and broken by shame and humiliation.

"The man is ruined," said the corporal, who had followed him to the door of his room, where the surgeon was in attendance to dress his lacerated back; "the man is ruined. I could not get a word from him, in answer to my questions of how he felt."

"Was he in such pain then?" asked a young soldier from the crowd that had gathered round the corporal, to inquire after their comrade.

"Pain!" ejaculated the veteran, with a glance of contempt; "think

ye Michael Kelly regards *pain*?—Think ye he has faced death so many years, and received three gun-shot wounds in the breast, to say nothing of bayonet-thrusts, and not learned better than to shrink at pain? Did ye expect he would wince at a scratched back? No, no, lads! 't isn't the pain, but the *shame*, that has done for poor Mike! I saw him, when he stood forth to die for his friend Macdonald; I have since been with him in many a tough engagement, he taking his place in the front rank, and myself covering him. I have seen him sink from loss of blood; but never, comrades, never saw his cheeks so white as they were to-day, before even the cat had grazed him. Take my word for it, Michael Kelly is a lost man!"

The corporal's opinion was prophetic; the surgeon who attended the sufferer could extract from him nothing but vague monosyllables, in answer to his professional inquiries. Major Morton, whose body-servant he had been, visited him in the afternoon. At the sound of his former master's well-known voice, the poor fellow partly raised himself from his bed, but immediately resumed his recumbent posture.

"When I saw you last, sir," said he, while his whole frame shook with emotion, "when I saw you last, I could look in your face with honest confidence; now I am degraded, disgraced, and have forfeited in one evil hour the good name I had acquired by a long and faithful service. Why have I lived till now!—why did I not perish at the moment when, in our last campaign, I laid at your feet the colour I had snatched from the French officer who had entrenched himself behind four of his countrymen? I should *then* have died with honour, and you, sir, would have sometimes thought poor Kelly deserving of your remembrance; but *now*, even his own kind and generous master must think of him with shame and regret."

The major attempted to console him, reminding him that the offence which had entailed punishment on him was so far from reflecting dishonour on his name, that it had sensibly raised him in the esteem of his officers,

and that he might resume his duty more than ever an object of regard to his comrades.

"It cannot be, sir! it cannot be!" he ejaculated; "I have a load at my heart which nothing can remove—a rush of terrible thoughts, that convince me I am disgraced for ever. Nay, sir," continued he, "should I rise from this bed, which I feel can never be, do you think I could ever again wear the colours I have tarnished?—do you think that, branded as I am, I could ever appear on the ground where —."

The remembrance of his degradation agitated him most powerfully; he at length added, "Leave me, my honoured master—I am beneath your notice, your pity." He then threw himself on his mattress, where he remained in almost torpid insensibility, a deep and frequent sob being the only sign of animation.

The afflicted major retired in acute distress from the presence of the man whom he had learned to honour and love as a friend, and now regretted as a brother. During the night, the men who occupied the same room occasionally heard the sufferer heave a deep and heavy sigh, but in no instance did he reply to their friendly inquiries after his health.

In the morning he was discovered to be a corpse; medical aid was instantly summoned, but the vital spark

was extinct—the proud and generous spirit had sunk beneath the weight of its degradation, and the high feelings of the gallant soldier, who had lived and fought for his country, had been turned to gall, by the blot on his hitherto untarnished name. *He had died of a broken heart!*

The deep emotion with which my husband heard the distressing news, was but the general feeling throughout the regiment; every member of it seemed to have lost a brother or a friend.

The funeral was attended by the whole of the officers of his corps, and conducted with military honours far exceeding those usually paid to men of his humble rank. His kind patron, Major Morton, was so seriously affected by the fate of his humble friend, as to seclude himself for several days from society; even after a considerable period had elapsed, his depression at the mention of Kelly's name, evinced how deeply he commiserated the untimely fate of so faithful a servant and gallant a soldier.

Poor Kelly! through life, humble as was thy sphere, thou wast loved and respected, and in death lamented. As long as the high feelings that ennoble the man, blended with all that is soft and amiable in his nature, shall command respect and love, thy name will be fresh in the remembrance of those who knew and honoured thee!*

FORGET ME.

WRITTEN TO A SWEDISH MELODY.

BY JAMES KNOX.

FORGET me, forget me,
For why should there be
A spot in thy mem'ry
Devoted to me?

* The fate of this deserving soldier is not a solitary instance of the disastrous effects produced by the degrading system of corporal punishment. Actual death does not, indeed, often follow the severest infliction; the subversion of all those high and honourable feelings, the irremediable bruising of that manly spirit, which can alone insure victory to the efforts of those who fight our battles, is however the too frequent, and indeed the almost invariable consequence. Although its present comparative disuse is a subject of general satisfaction, the entire removal of this disgusting blot on our military and naval character, were indeed "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Go, join in the revel,
 Where young bosoms swell,
 Forgetting the rover
 Who bids thee—Farewell!

Thy form is too fragile
 To wander with me,
 To brave amid tempests
 The dark-rolling sea.
 Young sylph! thou shouldst only
 In palaces dwell,
 Forgetting the rover
 Who bids thee—Farewell!

One kiss—'tis the last one
 My lips e'er may know,
 And I rush from thy presence
 O'erwhelmed with woe.
 The anguish of absence
 I never may quell,
 But thou must forget him,
 Who bids thee—Farewell!

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE RHONE.

As on thy margin's banks I stood,
 Majestic, flowing Rhone,
 And viewed the wonders of the flood,
 Which Beauty marks her own:

I called upon the Minstrel's aid,
 The Artist's hand, to trace
 In colourings which could never fade
 The glories of the place.

But Nature, with Enchantment's smile,
 Declared th' attempt was vain,
 Alike condemned the Artist's toil,
 And mocked the Minstrel's strain—

For should the first the colours steal
 Which paint the Iris bow,
 And should the last in words reveal
 The river's matchless flow—

Ere half the varied charms were sung,
 Which deck the magic strand,
 Age would have froze the Minstrel's tongue,
 And chilled the Artist's hand.

J. F.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

No. VII.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

THE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD.

(Concluded from page 214.)

WE had two large (I do not insist on genteel) boarding-schools, and both the masters were men of worship, for one read the lessons aloud out of a Greek Testament; the other was a patron of the arts, and drew flowers for the ladies both at the Hall and the Grange, where dwelt two esquires of different pretensions, but both of considerable influence—the younger man having that of greater wealth, the elder of very ancient heritage, and good landed property. Both would occasionally linger amongst their townsmen, for there were topics on which they could all meet in conversation, and points in which, on a Sabbath-day, and in a churchyard, they were sensible of equality. The old family man was the more addicted to this habit, because it had been that of his father, and perhaps increased his partizanship in a case where it was endangered by the more ostentatious fortunes of his rival. He was by nature a peaceable man, but had become patriotic and military by compulsion, most gallantly placing himself at the head of a cavalry troop, sporting a jacket, notwithstanding its incompetency as a covering to his full and handsome person; and practising the broad-sword exercise, in the vain hope that he would soon be as renowned for excellence in that performance, as in the art of carving. He was good-natured, friendly, and social; kept a noble table, and a handsome equipage; had “a sigh for every man’s sorrows, and a shilling for every man’s wants” (and, ’tis certain, I for one loved him sincerely); but in writing our annals I am bound to confess, that the more enlightened part of our junto protested, that since “mind must govern,” they held the belief, that in the parish “we had a hundred men full twice as good as he.”

Marston, the baker, was an Ajax of a man, and would have cut the finest figure at any milling match the whole

county of York, with Kingston-upon-Hull into the bargain, ever produced. Never did a more Stentorian voice sing psalms “right lustily” within church; but without the walls he was rather a listener than a speaker, until dear corn taught him to talk freely and feelingly on “the hardness of the times, and the wickedness of monopoly;” nevertheless it was in a gentle voice, and with a composed demeanour, he being, happily (as many huge men are), of a quiet disposition, easy temper, and kindly heart—Nature thus happily compounding her gifts to the few, to save the many from injury. This mode of complaining induced “the people” to consider him as belonging to the democratic faction, and enlisted under their banners; notwithstanding which, they one day (under the pressure of the times, and at the instigation of wicked leaders) proceeded to his domicile (with all the hostile feelings which condemned bakers in Paris some time earlier *à la lanterne*), in a body of sufficient importance to be deemed a mob. Entering his operative saloon, they seized his loaves, demolished the pies of his neighbours, scattered his bags of flour, and almost terrified his delicate wife to death. Marston bore the former part of the injury patiently, and sought to appease them by a speech, but his voice was drowned in a violent shout, and the ringleader proposed to bake him in his own oven; on which the poor woman fainted, and her husband arose in his strength. Armed with his rolling-pin, happily disencumbered of superfluous clothing, and moreover standing on his own floor, within the walls of what every Englishman knows to be his own castle, no wonder he contended with the invader like a giant in his wrath. A posse of constables, who hastened to his rescue, found him in the same condition with the great Frederick, when he wrote from the mill to Potsdam, “Here I am,

covered with meal-dust and glory;" and though blood and bruises mingled (as they justly might) with his honours, it is certain that he deliberately handed over nine of his assailants to the guardians of the law, from amongst the fallen and the flying; thus quenching at its outset an insurrection of the most threatening aspect, by the weight of a single arm.

This was a capital incident on which for the churchyarders to cogitate. It was viewed in every possible light every Sunday till the following York assizes, when the hanging of the ringleader (a well-known but young *ne'er do weel* in the village), notwithstanding the poor baker did his very utmost to save him, made us anxiously seek another subject. It was indeed necessary to do so on poor Marston's account, for he was evidently sore at heart—he neither looked so portly, nor sung so loud, ever after; his notoriety was distressing to him; and, in all probability, he would have been sunk still more in spirit and strength, if all public and private discussion amongst us had not been suddenly suspended by the actual appearance (so often proudly prophesied) of Mr. Topper's sons in the newspapers.

Yes, there they indeed were; but, alas! only to be gazetted as bankrupts! Had all their journeyings to all lands, their acquaintance with all dangers, their intrigues with crowned heads, their conquest over generals, by means of the *silver lance*, come to this? A pretty end, truly, for blood horses, and boxes on Blackheath, to bring men to! Was it thus royal strangulators, and private plenipo's, were rewarded by the tyrants who employed them? The shouts of exultation from the Jacobin party ran very high, and even Wigtown's manly voice became almost "childish treble," when he spoke of the "mistakes made by his partizan;" and great was the cry against a party who could encourage folly and roguery, such as we had all heard or known of in the case.

We were at this time a blustering and discontented race, for courage and corn ran high, trade and employment low; but, nevertheless, we were neither malevolent nor unfeeling. After

Dec. 1831.

talking over a few of Topper's Munchausen stories, and unravelling his means of prior information on leading topics, our better natures got round again. The young lamented his pretty daughter's disappointment in returning from the brilliant establishment of her gay brother, to the melancholy dwelling of her half-ruined father, and the elder, as they heard them, made the case their own, and forgave the poor man's pleasant follies and swelling vaticinations, in their sympathy with his bitter affliction. It is at least certain that when, after many weeks had passed, he again ventured to church, many a friend pressed more closely to his side than he had ever done before, and many a hand, hitherto hostile, met his with a warm pressure. For several successive Sundays tears glistened in his eyes, he returned our greetings in silence, and the most extraordinary intelligence afloat amongst us failed to catch his ear, or retard his speed in hastening homewards, though his steps were no longer firm, and days had done the work of years on his slight, but once vigorous frame. When his fair daughter, however, had so far recovered her share of the shock as to accompany him, it was surprising to see how far his step recovered its buoyancy, and his three score winters borrowed from his blushing Katharine the renovating power his blighted hopes required. She was a tall, graceful, animated girl, with a decidedly fashionable air, and as he looked upon her a consciousness that in the wreck of pride and property he had yet one thing remaining of which he could justly boast, was at once consolatory and affecting. They were (in the novel phrase) really a very interesting pair, that same father and daughter, at this period, and have brought many a tear to my eye as they passed homeward: but right glad was I when the old man once more ventured to become loquacious, for he always told something at which to smile or wonder. The travels of his youngest son through Moscow and Crim Tartary, in order to collect the debts or re-establish the connection of the house, have unquestionably been equalled by nothing

of that kind since the days of Fernandez Pinto, long dubbed the Prince of Liars. We have since learnt that this author's scarce work, together with that of Sir John Mandeville, were in the possession of our learned neighbour, and cannot doubt but that these elaborate productions, properly amalgamated with the letters of young Topper, were the source of our information.—Ah! why did not this man turn his talents to some account? he ought to have been a romance writer by profession; his mind was poetic, his invention boundless, and his taste by no means contemptible.

The fair Katharine was endowed with a sufficient talent for the marvellous as to prove her descent from her father, and render her conversation as amusing as that of a London lady is expected to be in the country. She remained with us only long enough to restore her father's spirits, wisely accepting the offer of an honest German, who had not presumed, in past days, to look towards her, he being a clerk to her dashing brother. She was the better spared, as our village was rich in lovely young women, whose beauty, strictly speaking, surpassed that of Miss Topper, when they had got bonnets and spencers of the same colour and form, an operation of amazing celerity after she had once made her appearance. Let no one blame our village belles for their adoption of that which, judging it to be fashionable, they concluded to be becoming: they only followed the example of King Charles's beauties, as the portraits of that day testify.

It was a pleasant thing to chat with the politicians and churchwardens on public affairs, discuss private anecdotes with the apothecary or his assistant, newly arrived from walking the London hospitals, and all the while gazing on one or other of these beauties, or aiding the introduction of some admiring youth to the chaperoning aunt, or fastidious brother, who acted as guardian to the more than golden fruit. With what a triumphant air have I seen a pair of pattens or a green parasol swung by the proud arm of a swain so favoured as to be permitted to walk by the side of the

acknowledged charmer. We had indeed some beauties constantly at church (well might our young vicar look off the book when first he entered the humblest of his churches), different in station, it is true, but all pre-eminent in that distinction which the sex, in all ages and countries, has most coveted. I protest that, even now, when beauty is become much more general, and living in the midst of metropolitan population, proverbially abounding with lovely and elegant women, I should find it difficult to select seven equally beautiful girls with those fair pearls, which then hung upon that "Ethiop's ear," our village coal common.

Of these, four were damsels in lowly, but not obscure, life, seeing that two were the daughters of mine host at the Red Lion, a third sprung from our redoubtable barber, and mingled in her tall, but fragile form, his regular features, with the dazzling complexion of an amiable, but delicate mother. The fourth was the daughter of Mr. Wigtown; and though deemed by others too plump for gentility, was held by him the "fairest of the fair."

These girls all married early, and well; for notwithstanding their remarkable personal attractions, not one went out of her own sphere, or, by a false step towards another, gave shame to their parents, or brought sorrow to themselves. Two, indeed, soon slept beneath the sods of that churchyard where they had often tripped so gaily. But I cannot now lament them, for they died before love grew cold, or fortune had changed; before friends were unkind, or children ungrateful.

Of our three higher beauties, the fair Katharine alone became a wife. Those two lovely cousins, then the admired of all eyes, the beloved of all hearts, whose graceful forms merited bequeathing to posterity by the hand of a Phidias, and whose fine, but distinct features and complexions, could have been given only by the pencil of Lawrence, still dwell in single blessedness. I trust it is *blessedness*, but they were tenderly attached to each other in early life, and they are now far parted; sorrow hath visited the dwelling of each, and death taken their

natural protectors; and it will be strange if love has not barbed his arrows for hearts so full of sensibility and affection, yet liable to disappointment in proportion to the acuteness of their feelings, and the extent of their attractions. When I remember these girls—so guileless in their gaiety, so warm in their benevolence, so gifted by nature, and cultivated by paternal solicitude, I feel that it is a folly to weep for those *within* my village churchyard, but that truth justifies the tear of sympathy (almost compassion) when it springs for those dear ones who still wander upon it, and who, having formed for themselves no near connexions, cast their eyes with never ceasing regret on the graves of

parents, lovers, and companions, for whose loss remaining life can offer no substitute; who behold around them a new race, claiming their places, and wresting from their enfeebled grasp the little remnant of fading importance which remains—the exercise of affection, and the display of talent, which are transplanted to other hands, and with them can blossom no more.

May they find that consolation in the church itself which every thing in its vicinity denies. With this wish I must bid adieu to my orators and my beauties; for I am growing melancholy with my retrospect, and find that my well-remembered and well-loved village is producing an elegy instead of an eulogy.

THE SOLDIER'S DESTINY.

BY CHARLES MAY.

I saw him first, with warrior's pride,
Gird gaily on his glittering arms;
He tore him from his weeping bride,
And strove to calm her breast's alarms;
Enamour'd of fond Glory's charms,
He rush'd, the foremost of the brave,
To honour, or a gory grave.

Long he abode in foreign soil,
Achieving many a gallant deed;
He shrunk not from the strife, the toil,
Among the first he dared to bleed,
And snatch'd the warrior's proudest meed.
Bright victory crown'd his toils, and fame
Spread wide the terrors of his name.

I saw him to his home return'd,
The home the weary wanderers seek,
But oh, how changed!—Consumption burned,
Health's mimic glow, his faded cheek.
His eyes were dim, his steps were weak,
And feebly, faintly, as he moved,
He leant upon the arm he loved!

When I beheld him last, he slept,
Pillow'd upon that loved one's breast—
Her eyes of beauty o'er him wept,
And anxious watch'd his fitful rest.
How young, how fair, yet how unblest
Was she—thus fated to survey
Her warrior's premature decay!

And she would wipe his pallid brow,
Support and guide his trembling feet;

And only from *her* hand of snow
 Was every needful service sweet.
His eyes would rove, *her* gaze to meet,
 To his that tearfully replied—
 Thus, pillow'd on her breast, he died!

MERRIE FORESTER'S SONG.

BY HENRY MACKAL, ESQ.

LASSIE, sae winsome, sae cantie and free,
 Lassie, come rove in the greenwood wi' me;
 Stay na lang, think na wrang, be na sae coy,
 Talk not o' fears to thy bosom's annoy—
 But press we the hairbells as wildly they grow,
 And twine we the roses to garland thy brow.
 Lassie, sae winsome, sae cantie and free,
 Lassie, come rove in the greenwood wi' me.

Lassie, sae bonnie, sae blithesome and gay,
 Lassie, come while we the e'ening away;
 Wolf-dog, nor serpent, nor henbane is near,
 Nought hath thy innocent footstep to fear:
 Wild birds are singing, the lambs are at play,
 Then let us be merry whilst merry we may.
 Lassie, sae bonnie, sae blithesome and gay,
 Lassie, come while we the e'ening away.

Lassie, sae tender, sae artless and good,
 Lassie, come dwell in the bonnie greenwood;
 Look na' for siller, for housen, or gear,
 They canna shield thee fra' life's hidden brier;
 But share wi' me, lassie, the riches that flow
 Sae freely around to my trusty lang bow.
 Lassie, sae tender, sae artless and good,
 Lassie, come dwell in the bonnie greenwood.

THE FORTUNES OF CHARLES BRANDON.

BY CHARLES MAY.

———"Time, whose wheels in equal circles run,
 Repays the father's merits to the son,
 And gives him Richmond's daughter, born between
 Two royal lineages—herself a queen."

PERHAPS no circumstance more eminently displays the able character of the seventh Henry of England, than the favourable auspices under which he bequeathed the crown to his successor.

Invested with undisputed authority over a powerful, happy, and united people, who had been raised from a state of comparative barbarism to a regard for the arts of civilization and commerce; possessed of an almost inexhaustible revenue; and at the head of a numerous and well-disciplined army; with such advantages—

advantages that had been severally owing to the wisdom of his predecessor—young Henry assumed the reins of government.

Willing to satisfy the ambition of his own ardent mind, and at the same time to gratify his subjects, whose wishes were set on a war with France, the youthful monarch determined to head his forces for the subjection of that kingdom, which the Swiss and Spaniards were at the same time preparing to invade in opposite quarters.

The wise and virtuous Louis XII. though his resources had been almost

exhausted in the prosecution of a protracted and unprofitable war with Pope Julius II. defended himself with consummate ability against these various assailants, to whose injudicious precipitancy he was ultimately indebted for his safety.

After a tedious and ineffectual campaign, which, conducted on the generous and chivalrous spirit of the age, had been to Henry rather an ostentatious display of pageantry than an hostile invasion, the combatants agreed to lay aside their arms.

On the conclusion of hostilities, a treaty of marriage had been projected between the two Courts, and though the French monarch was in the decline of life, and even labouring under severe indisposition, Henry readily consented to his proposal of a union with his sister, the young and lovely Princess Mary.

In this union, which was entirely one of state policy, the imperious and arbitrary disposition of Henry particularly displayed itself.

Though his favourite sister, the king thought it no point of duty to consult the inclination of the princess, whom he did not even acquaint with his resolution on a subject so intimately connected with her happiness, till the preliminaries of her marriage had been settled, and the time of its solemnization appointed.

The princess was engaged in her morning studies, when her royal brother entered her boudoir.

"Good morrow, girl," said he, as he pressed her blooming cheek. "By'r lady, thou lookest charming this morning."

"Methinks thou art, as usual, boisterous in thy salutation, Henry," replied the princess, playfully disengaging her hand from his somewhat rude clasp; "thou hast, I ween, forgotten the lesson on *bienséance* I gave thee yesterday."

"Not a whit, girl, not a whit!—and yet, perchance, I lack somewhat of fitting respect, since I come to hail thee Queen of France."

"You are pleased to jest, brother, I have no claim to that distinguished honour."

"By my halidom, I jest not, my

sweet sister," replied the king, "thou hast more claim than thou suspectest. To be serious, Mary, his Majesty of France has proposed to honour us by his alliance. I see no other means of effectually establishing peace, than by acceding to his proposal, which, independently of this inducement, offers us many advantages. I have given my assent, and, early in the ensuing month, intend thee to set off, in order to receive the hand of thy royal suitor."

The pale cheek of the princess, as a hurried expression of surprise burst from her lips, convinced the king that his intelligence had been far from agreeable."

"You have not," she at length with difficulty articulated, "engaged in so momentous an affair without even consulting me?"

"What," cried the king, "hast thou no ambition to become mistress of the fair and fertile realm of France?"

The princess replied through her tears, "I have no ambition to barter my bosom's peace, though a kingdom, or even a world, were the purchase."

"I did not ask thee for sentiment—tell me, Mary, hast thou objections to the match?"

"His Majesty of France," replied the princess, "is only known to me by name, and is, moreover, far advanced in years; thou can'st not, my brother, but think me averse from an union with a stranger and an aged man."

"A short acquaintance will remove the first objection," added Henry, "and if old, he will be the less likely to trouble thee long."

"Oh, Henry! speak not with such levity on a point so intimately affecting thy sister's happiness! If you love me—do not—I entreat you, do not, consign me to misery!"

"Mary, thou art a fool," said the king, who, feeling his resolution fail, nerved himself to his purpose; "but dismiss these romantic thoughts, girl, think of the honour, of the splendours that await thee!"

"I am not romantic—I am not visionary," interrupted the princess, "but I confess I am feelingly alive to the sad reality, that with Louis I should

be wretched ! Thinkest thou that the trappings of state could atone for the sufferings of a broken heart ? No, Henry, the pomp, the splendour of royalty would be vain to assuage my grief—nay, the jewels of the royal coronet would glitter in mockery of my woe : environed by the semblance of happiness, I should indeed be but the more miserable !”

“ Mary !” added the king, “ I am thy brother, by nature and by law thy guardian ; it is my duty and my pleasure to regard thy interests——”

“ Prove, then, thy affection, my brother,” interrupted the princess, by consulting thy sister’s true happiness !”

“ I shall best do so by furthering thy interests, and by establishing thy *permanent* good,” said Henry, adding, “ his Christian majesty’s is the only offer thou canst have from royalty ; and as the daughter and sister of a king, I must not wed thee to other than a royal lord ; for, mark me, girl, the eagle mates not with the heron, nor must Henry’s sister change her estate but to become a queen !”

“ Let me, then, I pray thee, continue as I am, rather than at such a price purchase a dignity that would be hateful.”

“ It must not be, Mary, it must not be,” replied the king ; “ believe me, thou wilt, in acceding to my wishes, incur no sacrifice of happiness. But enough of this—to-morrow, at this time, I shall again visit thee, and expect thy answer : as thou valuest my regard, let that answer be compliance !”

“ I would not in thy beaming eye
One timid tear of grief should rest,
Or that the echo of a sigh
Should rend thy too confiding breast.

“ For this my proud heart could not bear,
E’en though to other feelings dead,
To see within thine eye a tear,
And know that tear for me was shed.

“ ’Tis not for thee, or such as thee,
To brave the cold world’s scorn and hate ;
To stand—a butt for mockery—
The victim of relentless fate.

“ Thou, like a gleam, ’mid winter’s day,
Or floweret fading on a tomb,

With these words Henry slightly pressed the hand of his sister, and retired.

The princess continued absorbed in the painful reflections suggested by this interview, till aroused from her reverie by the announcement of Charles Brandon ; when, hastily drying her tears, she prepared, with assumed composure, to meet her friend.

“ I fear, lady Mary,” said Brandon, “ I have been somewhat tardy in fulfilling my promise ; thou hast, ere this, I trow, perfected thyself in the new ditty I sent thee.”

“ That, Charles, without thy guidance, were, methinks, no easy task,” replied the princess ; “ I am, I fear, an unapt scholar ; yet, knowing the ditty to be an offspring of thy fancy, I have given it some attention. To hear thee once more sing it, would, I ween, perfect me.”

“ The melody,” returned Brandon, “ is fresh in my remembrance, but the words have escaped me. And yet, methinks, I sang it when last I had the honour of your highness’s society.”

“ Doth not this prove how remiss, of late, have been thy attentions ?” asked the princess.

“ I plead guilty, your highness.”

“ Thy song, then, Charles, shall seal thy pardon. I have it by me, thou wilt, therefore, need no exercise of memory.”

The princess handed her lute to her companion, who, with a rich and mellow voice, sang, to a plaintive and expressive air, the following words :

May'st haply smile—yet e'en that ray
Would fail to chase my bosom's gloom!

"Then, fare thee well!—thou must not share
The mis'ry I am doom'd to know—
Oh, think'st thou I could ever bear
To have *thee* partner in my woe?"

As Brandon concluded, he fixed on the princess his eyes, beaming ill-disguised tenderness. His impassioned glance, however, changed to a look of alarm, when he beheld her pale cheek bathed in tears.

His anxiety for a moment overcame the restraint her exalted rank usually imposed on him.

"Mary! dear Mary, thou art unwell!" he exclaimed; and, seizing the hand of the princess, led her fainting form to the window.

The fresh morning air restored a light tinge of animation to her cheeks, and looking up in the face of her companion, who, in silent agony, was bending over her, she said, sadly smiling through her tears, "'Tis nothing, Charles, a momentary pang. Your song," she added, "speaks of the woes of hearts that love, when doomed to be for ever disunited. Yet, what, Charles, what must be *their* misery, who not only give up those they fondly estimate, but link their fate, perforce, with beings they cannot but despise?"

"Sad, indeed, must be their portion," replied Brandon; "heaven grant it may not be our's to drink of that bitter cup!"

"Charles, that bitter cup is mixed, and it is proffered to me—of compulsion must I drink of it."

"What mean you?" earnestly demanded Brandon.

"Oh, Charles! thou wouldst not ask, knewest thou my wretched lot. My brother, without even consulting me, has resolved to wed me to age and decrepitude. I am the betrothed wife of the King of France. A regal diadem must encircle my aching brow—my tortured breast must heave beneath a robe of state; and thou, thou, Charles, and all the friends of my youth, all the friends whose sweet society makes life supportable, must be lost to me for ever!"

As the youth leant over the prin-

cess, and witnessed her hysterical emotion, he forgot the difference of rank, which, like an impassable gulf, separated them—he saw only his heart's adored—he saw only

"His early friend,
The playmate of his early years—
What other thoughts with her's could blend
That a whole youth of love endears?—
The soft, the kind, and oh! the true,
In sun and shade, in good and ill—
His cheering light—his softening dew—
Who loved him, and who loves him still!"

Though himself a prey to feelings not less painfully acute than her own, the youth strove to moderate the distress of his companion.

"Brandon," replied she, to his passionate entreaty that she would be calm, "my fate is fixed; I am the victim of others' ambition: let me not, then, be denied my only solace, the power to deplore my wretchedness!"

"To repine, princess, will but aggravate thy sufferings."

"Would'st thou, then," interrupted Mary, "would'st thou have me submit, without a murmur, to a sentence that must involve me in irreparable misery!"

"Heaven knows," replied Brandon, "I would not urge thee to a step that may conduce to thy unhappiness. Could any arguments of mine have weight with thy royal brother, I would not fear the risk of incurring his displeasure, by proclaiming the cruelty of his intentions. I would not hesitate to sacrifice my dearest interests in the attempt to divert him from his purpose. But it may not be—the king has other counsellors, and other objects to pursue—and were it not so, too well I know his humour, to deem that words of mine could move him."

The princess was prevented replying by the entrance of several ladies of the Court, when the conversation turned on desultory subjects. Brandon's feelings had been too powerfully ex-

cited to allow of his entering, with his accustomed ease, on the various topics introduced, and he seized the earliest opportunity of retiring.

The following are the circumstances of the intimacy existing between Brandon and the princess, which, to the reader, may at first sight appear rather extraordinary.

Charles Brandon had been, at an early age, deprived of his father, who fell in the battle of Bosworth Field. On that day, Sir William Brandon had borne the standard of the Duke of Richmond, which he defended with signal bravery. His devotion to his sacred charge, had, however, proved fatal to him. The base, but bold Richard, in dashing at the standard, had been unhorsed by Brandon, who could not, however, withstand the repeated attacks of his furious antagonist. He fell mortally wounded, while the standard was with difficulty preserved from the hands of the enemy.

The father's heroic self-devotion failed not to secure to the son the especial friendship and protection of Henry VII.

Charles Brandon was educated under the king's eye, and grew up beneath the same roof with the royal children. Though their elder by several years, the disparity of age diminished nothing from the fraternal affection with which Prince Henry and his sisters ever regarded him.

The prince, ardent in his attachments, as implacable in his resentments, conceived for the friend of his youth an affection, that to the latest period of his life knew no abatement; while his sister, the fair and gentle Mary, gave to her favourite Charles all that implicit confidence which springs from a union of taste and sympathies, throughout childhood's earliest and happiest hours. Even when their difference of rank began, with advancing years, more fully to display itself, and the familiar playmate had been merged in the respectful companion, the princess could not but regard Brandon as

"No more, yet still her more than brother." Perhaps her affection partook of a more ardent and exalted character,

from the conviction that she could never hope to become his wife; though that conviction imposed on her the painful necessity of concealing from her adored, her heart's absorbing feelings. Those feelings had, perhaps, remained buried in her own bosom, or had, at least, been less unreservedly betrayed, had not the confession been wrung from her by the distressing consciousness of being compelled to wed another—

"Constrain'd to breathe a vow abhor'd,
Constrain'd to own a stranger lord—
To hush thy bosom's bursting sigh,
To light with smiles thy joyless eye—
Such lot, such bitter lot, is thine,
Poor victim at ambition's shrine!"

With the reader's permission we will transport him to the French capital, now the scene of almost unexampled festivities. The inhabitants of Paris were thronging to the Champ de Mars, to witness the tournament instituted in honour of the king's marriage.

Debilitated by age and sickness, the monarch witnessed from his couch the exploits of the various knights who entered the lists. At his side, and surrounded by the ladies of the court, sat the youthful queen, whose pensive features betrayed the little interest she felt in the exhilarating scene. Absorbed in mental abstraction, she returned but vague and unconnected answers to the various interrogatories of her husband and the ladies of her suite. Her's was, in truth, no enviable lot; she had left her own land, the land of her forefathers, the scene of every blissful reminiscence, to dwell among strangers. She had become a bride, only to attend the sick bed of her fast declining husband; can it be wondered that the gay and splendid pageant afforded her little pleasure? A circumstance, however, occurred, which excited her intense interest.

"Does your majesty know yon stalwart knight, who is now entering the lists?" inquired one of the ladies in attendance.

The blood rushed into the cheeks of the queen, as she gazed on the knight alluded to. His armour and es-

cutecheon were evidently English, and though his features were concealed by a close visor, she thought she could not mistake his manly form, and the graceful ease with which he strode his proud charger.

Though the appearance of the stranger bespoke him to be no mean antagonist, his challenge was readily accepted. Four French knights successively encountered him, each of whom was, with little effort on the part of his opponent, thrown from his saddle.

The dauphin, who with ill-concealed vexation had marked the gallant bearing of the English knight, could no longer repress his pique, as a fifth antagonist presented himself, and was vanquished with equal facility.

"By my fay!" ejaculated he, "this doughty champion will win to himself the honour of the day. Your majesty," continued he, addressing himself to the queen, "will not, I trust, deem me wanting in fitting respect, if I leave you awhile, to break a lance with this gallant countryman of yours."

With these words, the prince (afterwards Francis I.) quitted his seat by the side of the queen, and hastily arming himself, entered the lists.

The dauphin was celebrated for his address in the use of the lance, and the skill which he opposed to the superior strength of his antagonist, abundantly proved that his reputation had been well earned. The contest, however, though arduous, terminated in his discomfiture.

By a dexterous movement of his opponent's, the prince's lance was hurled from his grasp, and himself driven from his saddle.

"Dismount, Sir Knight!" he exclaimed, as, determined to retrieve his lost honour, he drew his falchion. The Englishman obeyed.

"Sir," said the latter, as he returned the prince's weapon, of which, after an obstinate contest he had deprived him, "I have not often rendered back a better blade than thine—had my first antagonist's given me equal trouble with thyself, methinks I had not engaged so many."

"Englishman, I shall quell that
Dec. 1831.

boast of thine!" was the rude rejoinder of the prince, as he retired, in evident chagrin, from the lists.

He instantly summoned to his presence an officer of the Royal Guard, a German of gigantic stature, celebrated among his comrades for his unequalled address in the use of the rapier.

"Besme," cried the prince, as the man appeared, "go, tear the plume from yon proud Englishman. Unless the devil aid him, thou wilt, I think, teach him he is not invincible."

The English knight was on the point of leaving the lists, the acknowledged victor, when this new antagonist presented himself.

"Another opponent!" he ejaculated; "they are, it seems, little disposed that I should win the palm without the labour. What is your weapon, sir?"

"What thou hast not yet tried—the rapier."

"Ha! is it so—do they think to trap me?" cried the knight; adding, "I have vanquished noble game to-day, and must not stoop to carrion! Thou art not a knight, sir, and hast no title to enter these lists. I have seen thee in the ranks of the body-guard."

"Wherever thou hast heretofore seen me," responded the German, "know me now as thy rightful opponent."

"Thou art no fitting antagonist," said the knight, turning away.

"As I suspected," cried Besme, with an insulting laugh, "the dastard can no longer screen itself!"

"Dastard!—insolent dog!—thou wert beneath my courtesy—yet feel my vengeance!"

The astonishment of the spectators, when the affray was observed to have become serious, cannot easily be described. The clamours of the men, mingled with the shrieks of the ladies, presented a scene of unusual confusion.

The terror of the youthful queen, though certainly not less than that of her attendants, betrayed itself in a less tumultuous manner. "Spare, oh, spare him!" were the only words that faintly burst from her lips, as

with sickening emotion she watched the rapid turns of the combat.

Her suspense was of no long duration. The skill and strength of his gigantic antagonist availed little against the English knight. The German was quickly disarmed, and as if in derision of his boasted strength, his victor forcibly grappled with him, and beating him with the hilt of his rapier, severely chastised his insolence. So seriously bruised on the head, that the blood streamed through his close visor, the discomfited German was led from the spot, amid the jeers of the spectators, who were delighted to see him receive the just punishment of his insolent temerity. The victorious knight advanced to the feet of the queen, and presented her with the German's shield, the trophy of his victory.

"Sir Knight," said Louis, rousing his fainting energies to address the victor, "we are bound to express our acknowledgments for thy courtesy—to this we would add our unqualified admiration of thy unequalled address and matchless prowess. Thou hast successfully encountered our bravest knights, and the flower of our chivalry have in vain competed with thee. May we ask, to what noble name we are to assign the meed of our unhesitating approbation?"

"No noble name is mine, your majesty," replied the knight; "I am an undistinguished soldier, whose humble birth and exploits can lay no claim to your majesty's consideration."

With these words the knight unbound his beaver, and announced himself as Charles Brandon.

"No undistinguished name," said Louis; adding, "I have heard thy praise from lips whose eloquent encomiums I should deem it my proudest honour to deserve."

As the benevolent monarch spoke, his eye glanced smilingly on the queen, who, with all the ease she could assume, saluted and congratulated her friend.

"Francis," continued the king, addressing the dauphin, "thou hast been worsted by this knight; yet it is no disgrace to have yielded to an

arm that has vanquished the flower of our nobility. He is the friend and brother of thy queen; thou wilt, therefore, respect and love him."

The dauphin, who, in the first moment of returning reason, had felt deeply humiliated by the unworthy part he had acted, advanced to Brandon, and taking his hand, frankly acknowledged his ungenerous conduct, and entreated his pardon; which, we may suppose, was readily granted.

The approach of evening necessitated the immediate departure of the royal invalid, after which the numerous assembly departed.

By the express orders of his majesty, Brandon became a visitor at the palace, and in the subsequent festivities and pageants was an object of general attraction.

Worn out with flatteries and attentions, which rather deepened than alleviated the melancholy that pervaded him, our hero availed himself of the earliest opportunity of quitting a scene which awoke nothing but the most painful reflections, and of returning to his native country.

He was the bearer of letters from the queen to her royal brother, by whom he was received, on his arrival, with the utmost affection. His distinguished conduct in France had reached the ears of the monarch, and called forth his admiration and applause, while it probably hastened the favourite's elevation to a dignity that had been sometime previous designed for him.

Within a few days after his arrival, Brandon appeared at court as Duke of Suffolk, and a member of the king's council.

His exaltation, though it necessarily protracted his stay in the capital, added little to his enjoyment; a prey to distressing feelings, he sought, under plea of indisposition, the retirement of his paternal estate.

Ere many weeks had elapsed he received intelligence of the death of the King of France, which was immediately followed by a summons from his sovereign.

"To judge from thy appearance, Charles, the invigorating air of Devon has but little benefited thee;" said

Henry, on the arrival of the duke, who was received by him with the utmost kindness. "Thou hast, doubtless, heard of our sister's widowhood," added he; "she writes me in no enviable frame of mind, and I would fain afford her comfort. I have prepared letters of condolence, and if the voyage meet thine inclinations, would prefer thee to be their bearer."

The duke, it may readily be conceived, expressed any thing but reluctance to the duty assigned him.

"Why, Charles," smilingly retorted the king, "the bare proposal has restored their wonted colour to thy cheeks, and rekindled thy lack-lustre eyes. What then will the voyage do for thee? Thou wilt, I trow, be soon thyself again."

"The honour, sire, of being preferred to execute your majesty's gracious pleasure —"

"Like enough! like enough!" interrupted Henry, with an incredulous smile. "But hear me, Charles: on my part every thing is arranged for thy immediate departure; thy own preparations will, of course, occupy thee some days."

"A few hours, my leige, will suffice."

"Nay, my lord duke, be not in such haste," replied the king; "thou must appear at the French court in a style befitting my representative, in a style, too, befitting thy own rank, and the renown thy former bearing has acquired for thee."

Ere many days had elapsed, Brandon appeared at the French court, where he was received with distinguished honour; his kindest reception, however, he experienced from the queen dowager, whose ill-disguised affection for the accomplished duke soon became the prevailing topic among the gay circles.

In accepting her former husband, Mary had made a sacrifice scarcely to

be conceived. She was now become the arbitress of her own destiny, and employed her liberty in a manner congenial to her own inclinations, and little calculated, we imagine, to give dissatisfaction to the reader. In a few weeks she was presented to her brother, as Duchess of Suffolk, by the delighted Brandon.

Henry's displeasure, whether real or assumed, at what he affected to consider the imprudence of his sister, was of short continuance; in a few weeks his consent was formally obtained, and the marriage publicly acknowledged.

The celebration of this auspicious union was attended with unusual splendour. The festivities continued several days; during which Brandon supported, in various encounters of the Tournay, the renown his former prowess had acquired.

It remains only to add, that in the unambitious preference of the lover of her youth, the queen-duchess (as she was afterwards called) had not miscalculated on the means of true felicity.

Throughout a long life of happiness and honour, Brandon continued the firm friend of Henry, over whose arbitrary temper he possessed an influence that was never exerted but for the best purposes. Happy had it been for the reputation of that monarch, had the influence of so virtuous a man been less restricted.

From the religious dissensions, which had their origin in the caprice and cruelty of Henry, and which for many years deluged the kingdom in blood, Brandon stood aloof; and the monarch, though often checked in his career of tyranny by the fearless remonstrances of his relative, could not, while he loved the man, but admire the stern virtue that regulated all his actions, and that rendered him so much his own superior.

ON A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, SINGING.

THERE was such brightness in her eye,
Such music on her tongue,
It seemed celestial melody,
And lo! an angel sung!

S.

MEDITATIVE LINES

ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE LATE HONOURABLE CHARLES WILLIAM
LAMBTON.*

"Look on this picture——
See what a grace was seated on this brow."

Hamlet.

WHERE is the eye that hath not gladly gazed
In proud delight on thee, most "peerless boy?"
Where the young mother but, with heart upraised,
Hath prayed that she might share *thy* mother's joy,
And in the features of her offspring trace
Some distant semblance of thy lovelier face?

For not alone doth beauty triumph here,
Or the high bearing of ennobled blood—
No! it commingles all that can endear
Young innocence and virtue to the good,
With that deep-seated thought, that manly mind,
Where Intellect and Genius are enshrined.

All, *all* are vanished! unrelenting Death,
Still dost thou haste to blight the fairest flower,
As if the glowing tint, the perfumed breath,
The boon of Nature in her kindest dower,
Were given to expedite the hour of doom,
And for the worthiest ope the earliest tomb.

Lamented youth! whose pictured form hath drawn
Unconscious tear-drops from a stranger's eye,
Though quenched the glory of the splendid dawn,
And Admiration heralds Grief's warm sigh,
Yet long shall Memory hold thee as a spell,
On which to linger, mourn, and fondly dwell.

It may not be e'en sympathy should press
Too near that sacred fount—thy parents' woe:
Yet who but feels their exquisite distress,
That marks thy open mien, thy lofty brow?
And what can rank, fame, wealth, or power, impart,
To soothe the pangs of a bereaved heart?

Enough to know "thou wert, and wert most dear:"
To Faith and Hope alone the power is given
To stem the anguish of the blow severe,
And lead the sufferers to consoling heaven,
Where love, the *tenderest* love, will learn to see
Earth's brightest joys are well exchanged to *thee*.

* The writer of the above lines never had the gratification of beholding their truly interesting subject, save as represented by the well-known picture by Sir Thos. Lawrence, and the admirable sculpture by Mr. Behnes, which gave him as an Infant Jove. The tranquil dignity and intellectual beauty of his features made an impression of his superiority in mind and excellence of disposition, that can never be erased.

SONNET TO MRS. S. C. HALL,

ON HER BEAUTIFUL STORY OF THE "MOPPETS," IN THE "AMULET."

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

OH! wise and gentle, well hast thou pourtray'd,
 As woman only could, fond woman's heart.
 Strong to endure, though powerless to persuade,
 And hiding, whilst she writhes beneath their smart,
 The pangs of blighted hope, of cold neglect,
 Of love that crush'd; and withering, yet hath life
 To gather from the happiness now wreck'd,
 Those treasured memories sacred to the wife—
 Memories, her tender breast submiss, and mild,
 Hold as most holy, and yet sweet to cherish;
 Firm as a martyr, humble as a child,
 The one surviving good when all else perish—
 The safe, though feeble plank, by which to gain
 Safe haven from the storm of sinful sorrow's main.

THE PACHA.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MINSTREL," "SECRETS OF THE CONFESSIONAL," &c.

CONRAD STETTIN loved and was beloved by Pauline Vernoni, daughter of the Landamman, and the prettiest girl in the Canton of —, but the father of the maiden opposed his suit, for Pauline was at the same time courted by a wealthy German count, who had chanced to meet the maiden one day while hunting amid the Swiss mountains, was struck with her beauty, and from that time became a frequent visitor at their cottage. The worthy Landamman, though in his own person the most simple and contented among these children of simplicity, though he went clad in home-spun grey, and cheerfully cultivated with his own hand the land he lived on, yet remembered that he had in his veins the blood of a long and noble ancestry, and he felt anxious to make his only child, in whom centered all his ambition as well as love, higher than the lowly peasants by whom he was surrounded. From him therefore the high-born Count of Heidelberg met with every encouragement; but with his daughter it was far otherwise. Pauline viewed her titled suitor with an aversion proportioned to her affection for the young Alpine hunter; and the father, seeing that the count was never likely to grow in favour with Pauline while Conrad Stettin hovered round her like her shadow, and trusting

that the absence of the one would render the presence of the other more grateful, at length told the young hunter that it was in vain for him to think of Pauline, since she never could be his: that he considered it desirable for both parties that they should separate; and that if he, Conrad, would not consent to leave the country for a time his daughter should; and that he left him three days to consider which of the two should depart. The unhappy lover asked but to see his sweet mistress once more before he left his native land for ever. They met—they parted with mutual vows of love and fidelity. Years rolled away and no tidings were heard of Conrad Stettin, and he was soon forgotten in his native village by all save Pauline, who, though entirely ignorant of his fate, and hopeless of ever being his, ceased not to entertain for him the tenderest affection, and internally vowed she would never bestow her hand upon another. Meantime the count's courtship threw no whit the better for his rival's absence; for Pauline regarded him as the primary cause of her lover's banishment; and her father, whose affection for her predominated over his ambition, would not compel her to a union which seemed so hateful to her. At length the count, either tired with

dancing attendance on the rustic beauty, or, as he pretended, summoned to the court of the emperor, suddenly ceased his visits, to the great joy of Pauline, and the disappointment of her father.

About three years after the departure of Conrad, the Landamman died, leaving his daughter to the care of his younger brother Albert, who had early in life embraced the profession of arms, and still held a command in the Hungarian army, in which he had served with distinction, but who had been passing some months at home with his brother during an interval of peace. Albert Vernoni, when he swore to become the affectionate protector and guardian of his orphan niece, felt half tempted to wish he had not been a soldier, since his dangerous and unsettled profession but ill fitted him for the charge he had undertaken; and of this he had soon but too much reason to be sensible. The Landamman had not long been dead when Count Heidelberg suddenly returned to the neighbourhood, and renewed his visits at the cottage.

Pauline earnestly implored her uncle to put an end to these visits, and release her from the count's further importunities at once; and to this he at first readily consented, for he had always been the firm and zealous advocate of Conrad Stettin, and had endeavoured earnestly, though in vain, to prevail on the Landamman to receive him as his son-in-law, and perhaps, like his fair ward, he now entertained a latent hope that his young favourite might one day return to claim a hand which would be no longer withheld from him. But these sentiments were changed almost as soon as uttered by a sudden order to join his regiment on a fixed day, at —, from whence it was to march against the Turks.

Albert now began to represent to his ward that she ought not to entertain the slightest hope of ever seeing Conrad Stettin again, since if he still lived, and retained any of his former affection for her, he would not have left her so long in ignorance of his fate. He would, he owned, have preferred seeing her Conrad's to seeing her an empress, but since that could not be, he desired in all cases to have her married; and

as the count had proved at least his constancy, he thought she might find in him a good husband, and a secure and constant protector, from whom nothing but death could divide her. He then begged her to contrast her proud and envied station as the Countess of Heidelberg, with the forlorn and unprotected situation in which she would be left by his constrained absence, and entreated her to give him the satisfaction of seeing her established in comfort and safety before he was compelled to leave her. To this Pauline replied, that though she felt it was worse than hopeless to dream of ever being united to Conrad, yet she could not, nor ever should, resolve to bind herself to another; that if it was only a protector her guardian wished to provide her with in a husband, she should nowhere expect to find one truer or abler than in her native village, surrounded by her own and her father's friends; and she declared that, far from being in the slightest degree dazzled by the title of countess, she would not exchange the freedom of her own little cottage for the proudest palace in Europe. The maiden was firm in her resolves; the count was again dismissed peremptorily and definitively, and the anxious guardian having made every arrangement for her comfort and security which prudence and affection could suggest, was obliged to leave his charge, consoling himself with the knowledge that she was among friends as sincere as warm-hearted, by whom she was respected for her father's sake, and beloved for her own. But alas! the friends of Pauline were as simple and unsuspecting as they were sincere, and she was exposed to a danger the more inevitable because it was unlooked for.

Count Heidelberg's passion was not of the kind to be easily rebutted, and, when so summarily dismissed by the guardian, he had resolved to effect that by force which he could not accomplish by guile.

In less than a month after her guardian's departure, Pauline was carried off from the midst of her young companions as she was rambling with them among the romantic rocks and vales at some little distance from her home, and it was supposed by a troop of those dis-

orderly bandits who sometimes roamed from the borders of Germany; and so well were their measures concerted to avoid detection, that they were sought for in every direction but that in which they were to be found, viz. the road to Count Heidelberg's castle; for they were in truth no other than the count's dependants, and thither they bore their trembling victim. Here Pauline had to endure a new series of persecutions from the urgent assiduities of the count, who sought to excuse the violence he had been guilty of towards her, by pleading the equal violence of his passion. He assured her that she had no cause of alarm, that he meant all in fairness and honour, and was impatient for the moment when she would submit to the sacred tie which should bind him to her for ever. But had Pauline been inclined to yield to a proposal, to which she was far too indignant to listen, she soon discovered its insidiousness, and that the count was already married to a wealthy and noble lady, now resident at the court. The attendant who confided to her this secret, moved by her youth and innocence, aided her to escape from the castle within four-and-twenty hours after she had been brought into it. From thence, in the disguise of a page, Pauline made the best of her way to the Hungarian camp with the least possible delay. On reaching it she asked for Major Vernoni; she was shown to his quarters, and spoke to his servant Kaleb, who did not recognize her through her disguise, though he examined her with no little curiosity and amazement. Kaleb said his master was absent, having been sent some miles off on a reconnoitring expedition, but he was expected back in a few hours. Pauline, on hearing this, determined to preserve her *incognito* till her guardian's return, as the best means of escaping the annoyance and insult to which, as a female, she feared she might be subjected in a camp. She therefore simply told Kaleb that she brought a message of private import to his master, and would wait his return in his tent. But this wished-for meeting was retarded by an event as unforeseen as it was calamitous. The camp was surprised during the night

by the Turks, who burnt and made a ruthless slaughter of the defenceless and unsuspecting foe. Many were taken prisoners, among whom were Kaleb and Pauline. The sex of the sham page was soon discovered, and the unfortunate Swiss maiden was presented by her captor to the pacha of the province as a slave! Pauline, when in the camp, had heard much talk of this pacha; his very enemies loudly praised his wisdom and valour, and spoke of him with equal fear and admiration. Great, however, was the distress and terror of Pauline at falling into the hands of this formidable personage. As a captive, she dreaded in him the enemy of her country and religion, and as a young, beautiful and defenceless woman, she had still greater reason to fear in him a sensual and voluptuous tyrant, to whose despotic power she had been given over. So great was her terror when she first found herself in his dreaded presence, that as he entered she retreated precipitately to the furthest corner of the apartment, covering her face with her hands, less to conceal the charms of which she was unconscious, than to shut out from herself the sight of the deformity with which her alarmed and jaundiced fancy had invested the redoubtable Turk; and when the pacha pursued her steps, she sunk at his feet in speechless terror, and burst into an agony of tears. The pacha extended his hand to raise her, but suddenly started back with an expression of, as it seemed, mingled surprise and delight, and uttered something to himself rapidly in an unknown tongue. Pauline at length ventured to raise her eyes to his face, and beheld, instead of the fierce and forbidding aspect she expected to encounter, a countenance young, strikingly handsome, and beaming with intelligence and benevolence. Meantime the pacha, subduing his own emotion, by whatever occasioned, raised up his lovely captive, and in a voice of touching gentleness endeavoured to calm hers. He besought her to dry her tears, and believe that she had indeed no cause for alarm. That in his palace she was not only in all honourable safety, but absolute mistress of it and all it contained; and that more espe-

cially the apartment that had been assigned to her was a sanctuary which no one would presume to enter without her express permission. He added, that if his presence gave her alarm or pain, he would instantly withdraw.

The pacha had spoken to her in the Slavonic dialect, of which she had acquired some knowledge from her uncle's instructions, and she now hastened to reply as well as she was able in the same tongue, and gathering courage from the gentleness of his looks and words, she ventured to entreat that he would deign to send a messenger to the Hungarian camp, and inform Major Vernoni that his niece, Pauline, was his highness's captive, and her guardian uncle would, she was sure, ransom her at any cost. The pacha replied, in the most passionate accents, that beauty such as hers was beyond all price: and that not all the gold of Peru could pay him for her loss.

"Oh! no, no," she interrupted hastily, "do not say so. You have many willing captives far more beautiful"—then throwing herself again on her knees, she raised her clasped hands towards him, with a look of the most touching supplication, exclaiming: "Be merciful! I am an orphan—an innocent, defenceless girl—a captive, in your power—all these are claims on your honour, your generosity!"

The pacha gazed for a moment or two on the beautiful suppliant with a look and gesture of indescribable emotion, and again some impassioned, though to Pauline unintelligible, ejaculations burst from his lips—then again stooping to raise her, he assured her that he would that very evening dispatch an envoy to the Hungarian camp, and that she might depend upon her message being faithfully delivered to Major Vernoni. So saying he withdrew, leaving Pauline overwhelmed with amazement, at finding this renowned and redoubted personage so very different from the idea she had formed of him.

Meanwhile, hostilities having been carried on some time between the Turks and Hungarians with various successes, at length wearied with the contest, peace was desired on both sides, and Major Vernoni was deputed

to negotiate the terms of it with Seyd Ali, the pacha. Accordingly, they met in the palace of the latter, each attended by his interpreter and suite; and the preliminaries being arranged, the treaty was finally signed and concluded, with less delay than is usual in such cases. All being over, the pacha made his salam, the major his bow, and all were about to retire, when suddenly the pacha turning to the major, addressed him in the Slavonic, saying he presumed the major understood sufficient of that language to favour him with a few moments' private audience, as he had that to communicate which concerned him alone. Major Vernoni, in some astonishment, bowed assent, and, at a sign, the attendants withdrew, and the plenipotentiaries were left alone together. The pacha began the conference, by saying that he was charged with a message for Major Vernoni, from a fair captive, who had been made his by the chance of war.

"Speaks your highness of Pauline Vernoni?" hastily interrupted the major, for the truth instantly flashed on his mind.

On his return to the Hungarian camp, the night after it had been surprised by the Turks, he had seen an envoy from his native village, who had travelled post to bring him the distressing news of his ward's disappearance. This, together with the account given him by his brother officers, of the lady-like young gentleman who had visited the camp during his absence, and had, together with his servant, been made prisoner by the Turks, led him to conclude that the page, the pacha's captive, and his runaway ward were one and the same person; and when the truth of these surmises was confirmed to him, he immediately, as Pauline had anticipated, offered to redeem her at any price the pacha might think fit to name.

"Christian," hastily interrupted the pacha, "that lady is my slave, and—"

"Slave!" repeated the major, "captive, you would say—by virtue of our treaty, free. I need not remind your highness that one express article of it was the liberation of prisoners—"

"Of war, Major Vernoni," hastily added Seyd Ali; "I have yet to learn whether a lady is entitled to be considered such."

"'Tis well, pacha," replied Major Vernoni, "slave be it then; I tell thee I will purchase her release; name the sum, and it shall be paid ere sun set."

"Christian, not the wealth of Ormus should buy her of me. The beautiful slave is mine for ever; my beloved, my mistress."

"Never!" impetuously shouted the guardian uncle, "never, pacha, shall Pauline be the thing you name. Thy harem first shall be a heap of ashes."

"Be not over hasty, Christian; perchance the lady would scarce thank you for such a piece of service, since I think I can prove to thee that she is no ways discontented with her present lot."

"If I thought—" exclaimed the guardian; "but no, Pauline Vernoni is pure as are the virgin snows amid which she was cradled."

The pacha, as his only reply, coolly drew from his bosom a miniature, to which was attached a lock of hair, and which the major instantly recognized as the likeness of his niece.

"And from whom had you this?" he eagerly demanded.

"From Pauline's own hand," replied the pacha, unhesitatingly; then added, "Christian, I love not deceit; I did indeed receive the treasure from Pauline's own hand, who gave it me with tears and sighs of tenderest and truest love; but 'twas about some five years since. It was a parting gift; since then I have not seen the maid till two days since, and then I was unknown to her."

"Strange and mysterious man! who art thou?" demanded the major, with amazement and perplexity.

"Albert Vernoni," exclaimed the pacha, speaking in the patois which was the native language of the Switzers of —, "Albert Vernoni—have you, then, completely forgotten your friend and companion, Conrad Stettin?"

"Conrad Stettin!" echoed the major, in still greater perplexity and astonishment, "impossible!"

"Behold!" resumed the pacha, and, pushing aside his turban, he pointed

to a large and deep scar on his brow, narrated the way in which he came by it, and recounted so many boyish exploits and adventures in which both had been engaged, that the major was compelled to believe, however incredible the fact might seem, that in the far-famed Seyd Ali he had indeed found the long lost friend of his youth. "Ah! little thought we, Albert," resumed the pacha, "when we together roused the chamois from his lair, and brought the towering eagle to our feet, two sylvan heroes of the Alps, that we should one day be the plenipotentiaries of two foreign nations."

"And still less," replied the major, "did we think, when last we parted, at the foot of old Mont Blanc, as firmest friends, that 'twas to meet as foes in Turkey."

"No, no," hastily interrupted Seyd Ali, "the pacha, indeed, and the delegate may be adversaries, but Albert and Conrad never."

The major eagerly inquired how this change had been effected in the fortunes of his friend; and Conrad, as we may now call him, proceeded to relate that, on leaving Switzerland, he had entered into the Hungarian service, and had distinguished himself in several engagements against the Turks, but was at length made prisoner by them. He, like many others, was shut up for several weeks in a damp and noisome dungeon, but scantily supplied with light, air, and food. At first he had sunk under the pressure of circumstances, but, soon growing more accustomed to the privations of his situation, with the restlessness of a youthful and elastic spirit, that loathes inaction, he had sought to beguile the tedium of captivity, by recalling to his mind each circumstance of the battle that had been so disastrous to him, and, with a piece of chalk which he chanced to find in a corner of his dungeon, he traced on its walls the position of the opposing armies, together with the place of the battle, as far as it fell under his observation, and arranged, and re-arranged, the whole according to his fancy. These rough designs at length caught the eye of the jailor, an inquisitive, and,

to a certain extent, intelligent man. He questioned his captive concerning them, listening with amazement and interest to his explanations, and, shortly after this conversation, and, as he rightly judged, in consequence of it, Conrad was led from his dungeon to the presence of his captor, an officer of high rank in the Turkish army, who, having conversed with him on different subjects for some time, and seemed well pleased with the intelligence and good sense contained in his replies, finished by asking him what ransom he supposed his friends would offer for him. On his replying, that he should not put their kindness to the test, for that he thought his life scarce worth the purchasing, he was told that it was not their custom to encumber themselves with useless prisoners, and that since he would fetch no ransom, one way only remained to save his life, and that was, to assume the turban, and devote himself to the Mussulman interest. The rank of aga, or colonel, was offered for his immediate acceptance, and large promises of favour and encouragement were held out, to induce him to accede to this proposal; and four-and-twenty hours were given him for consideration, at the end of which time death, immediate and certain, would attend the refusal of it.

"And could you betray thus your country and religion, Conrad?" interrupted Major Vernoni, when the pacha came to this part of his narrative.

"Betray my country!" echoed the other, warmly—"never! But, Albert, I had then no country—I was a hired mercenary merely, to whom all countries and all causes are alike: and for religion, I told thee not that with the turban I had assumed the faith of those who wear it; or, if I did so, 'twas but in outward show, for, like a second Naaman, in my secret soul I still adore the cross, though my knee bows with ostentatious and unmeaning reverence before the crescent. I took the turban then, was nominated aga on the spot, and owing to the little military skill and knowledge I can boast of, rose rapidly in favour and advancement, and two years since was pro-

moted to the dignity of pacha of this same province."

Conrad, in time, learnt from Major Vernoni all that had happened since his absence from —; and being informed of Pauline's constant affection for him, warmly expressed his happiness in meeting with his beloved one, at a time when her hand was freely her's to bestow. But here the major interrupted his transports by remarking, that he had raised up an insurmountable barrier to his own happiness, for that as her guardian, though he should not have hesitated to bestow the hand of his niece willingly, nay joyfully, on Conrad Stettin, the simple Alpine hunter, yet he would never consent that she should become the wife of Seyd Ali, the renegade pacha; for renegade, he said, he must still consider him, who dares not openly avow the faith his heart professes.

"Give her then to Conrad Stettin!" impetuously exclaimed the lover, "and he will cast the hated turban from his brow, and be again the nameless and true-hearted mountaineer he was when first she blessed him with her love, and made him richer than a sultan. Say but she shall be mine, and casting off these idle trappings, which I have worn above an aching heart, I will renounce the rank, and wealth, and splendour I possess, but not enjoy, and fly with her upon the wings of love to my sweet mountain home, and be whatever love and she would have me."

The major was struck with the magnanimity and sincere affection expressed in this resolution, and assured his young friend, that if it were carried into execution, he would rather Pauline should be his, than married to an emperor. After a long interview the two friends at length separated, resolving to meet again on the morrow.

That evening Pauline received a second visit from the pacha, who informed her that he had faithfully discharged her message to her friends, and that he could promise her that on the morrow she should see her uncle. Meanwhile, as this was, probably, the last evening she would spend in his palace, he was desirous of signalizing it by a little fête, which he entreated

her to grace with her presence. Pauline readily consented, and was conducted by the pacha into a saloon brilliantly illuminated, at the upper end of which was a canopy of blue and silver tissue, raised over a kind of throne, or chair of state, having cushions of the same colour; to this seat he led her, and placed himself beside her. A sumptuous banquet was then served in golden dishes, by slaves splendidly attired. During the repast they were regaled with exquisite music; and mingled with the sweet sounds produced by various instruments, came the fragrance of the most costly perfumes, that were buried in beautifully shaped vases in different parts of the chamber. After the banquet there entered a troop of dancing-girls of rare beauty, attended by others who played on different stringed instruments, or who timed the soft movements of their companions with their own sweet voices. Pauline, surprised and amused by the novelty of the scene, followed with her eyes every movement of the graceful group, while the eyes of the pacha were never for an instant withdrawn from the beautiful and beloved object at his side; yet Pauline thought there was, at least, as much respect as tenderness in his look, and this impression relieved her of the embarrassment she would otherwise have felt. At length the music ceased, the dance ended, and Pauline rose to retire; again the pacha presented the goblet of snow-cooled sherbet, and pressed her to pledge him in a parting cup. The sultry heat of the weather rendered this light refreshing beverage peculiarly inviting, and Pauline freely drank of it, and was then reconducted by her gallant entertainer to the door of her own apartment, and committed to the care of the attendant slaves. Scarcely had the door closed behind her, when she felt her-

self seized with a sudden and overpowering feeling of lassitude, which induced her to repel the officious services of her attendants, and throw herself on the nearest couch, where, yielding to the irresistible feeling of drowsiness that crept over her senses, she presently sunk into a peaceful and profound slumber.

Imagine her surprise on waking, to find herself not in a splendid chamber, on a couch of down, but lying in the open air, upon a bank of moss and wild flowers! When she had fallen asleep the evening before, it was in a costume of oriental splendour, but she woke, in the simple Swiss attire of her native village. She rubbed her eyes, roused herself, started up, and looking about her, saw, to her increasing amazement, that she was surrounded by objects which had been from childhood dear and familiar to her. There was the cottage in which she first drew breath; there the rocks she had loved to climb; there the torrent fell in foam, and there it glided peacefully, 'mid banks, whose wild flowers she had used to twine in many a blooming wreath. Dare she believe her eyes? Was this her native valley? By what magic had she been transported thither? Was then her flight to the Hungarian camp, her captivity in the pacha's palace, the banquet too, was all this but a dream? Or was she dreaming now? Amazed, bewildered, she wandered from object to object, neither able to credit or reject the evidence of her senses. Suddenly she remembered, that in her native valley was a remarkable echo, which, in her light-hearted days, it had been her delight to awaken; and now, as if to prove the reality or fallacy of the scene that surrounded her, she began to sing one of her native mountain airs, of which the following are the words:—

"Oh! dear to this heart is my own native home,
And the valley where erst I delighted to roam;
Dear the mist of its mountains, its dark rustling trees,
The plash of its fountains, and sigh of its breeze.
But oh! to this bosom more exquisite still,
Than mist of the mountain, or ripple of rill,
Is the love that once gladden'd this heart to its core,
Those fond hopes now blighted, to blossom no more."

She paused a moment, as if in expectation, and ere she could resume the strain, it was taken up and repeated, not by an echo, but by a dear and

well-remembered voice; the words seemed an impromptu, adapted, perchance, to the situation and sentiments of the singer. They ran thus:—

“Oh! dear were a desert, with thee for my home,
With thee ’twere an Eden wherever I roam.
They forc’d us to sever—in vain did we part,
Thine image for ever has dwelt in this heart.
The love that I’ve cherish’d thro’ long joyless years
Has been sunn’d with my smiles and bedew’d with my tears;
Stern fate’s ruthless frown would have crush’d it in vain,
With the bright dawn of hope now it blossoms again.”

Pauline stood riveted to the spot, not daring to move or breathe, lest she should break the spell that enthralled her. The voice ceased, she turned; dared she trust her eyes? She beheld Conrad Stettin, in his ordinary Swiss attire, with his hunting spear in his hand, standing on one of the highest of the surrounding rocks. She uttered a cry of delight; he sprung lightly from crag to crag, and in another second Pauline was in her lover’s arms, murmuring, as she sank, half fainting, on his bosom, “Oh! if this be a dream, then let me *never, never* wake again!”

The lovers’ transports may be imagined; all was soon explained, and Pauline learned from his own lips, that Conrad Stettin and the dreaded, yet admired, pacha were one and the same person, and that what she had half believed to be indeed her native valley, was but a part of the harem gardens, which it had been the amusement of the pacha’s leisure hours, with much labour and expense, to have trained into this miniature resemblance of the spot dearest to him on the earth’s varied surface. Pauline was deeply touched by this tender proof of her lover’s affections, and still more so, by the more solid one he shortly after gave her, in yielding up the wealth, honours, and dignities, which he enjoyed, to share with her obscurity, and a humble, though happy, independence.

Conrad, during his residence among them, had learned sufficient of Turkish despotism to know that it would be worse than fruitless to solicit to be permitted to resign the charges and dignities he had so long held with honour to himself and advantage to his

employers; and he therefore resolved to effect by stratagem that which he dared not openly attempt. Peace being concluded, the pacha intimated to those around him that he was going to visit a distant part of his government, and under pretence of travelling *incognito*, the better to discover the situation and disposition of the people committed to his trust, he took with him but very few attendants. He stopped but little till he arrived at the extreme verge of his dominions, where they bordered upon Hungary, and here he took up his quarters. From thence it was not difficult for him to make a moonlight excursion over the border into Hungary, where he was joined by the major and Pauline, and they all made the best of their way into their native country.

Conrad was shortly after united to his beloved and affectionate Pauline, and they established themselves in their own village. Conrad soon resumed his taste for the chase, and other rural occupations, which, together with a small income left to Pauline by her father, furnished them with all the comforts, and even many of what, in their humble sphere, might be considered the superfluities of life. As may be supposed, the kind-hearted inhabitants of — were not a little surprised, and not a whit less delighted, to see Conrad Stettin once more established among them, after so long an absence; and not a few conjectures were hazarded, and questions asked, as to what he had done with himself during those five years in which he had been supposed dead; to all of which Conrad simply replied by saying that he had been for some time a

prisoner in Turkey, from whence he had at length contrived to escape into Hungury, where he had found his beloved Pauline and her guardian, and returned home with them, as they perceived ; and with this account the good people were obliged to remain satisfied.

E. M. S.

CANZONET.

BY CHARLES MAY.

COME, where flowers are fairest,
Come, love, with me,
The sweetest and the rarest
I'll cull for thee.
And if there lurk among the wreath
A thorn unseen, to tear,
Oh, may the sweetness all be thine,
Be mine the pang to bear!
Thus through life's varied bowers
As on we rove,
I'll pluck the fairest flowers
To deck my love!
And if the ills to life that cling
Await us, be it mine
Alone to feel their poignant sting,
But all the bliss be thine.

LEAVES FROM THE CHRONICLES.

No. IV.

BY HAL WILLIS, STUDENT-AT LAW.

THE DANISH CHIEF.

" I've a heart that will love thee,
Come weal or come woe;
And an arm to protect thee,
Fair maid, from the foe!"

The Knight of Grenada.

CHARLES, surnamed the Simple, who reigned in France under the title of King of the Franks, in the beginning of the tenth century, had a fine daughter named Gisele, who, albeit but in the seventeenth summer of her joyous life, had already caused many noble hearts to sigh for her enviable smiles ; whilst she, gay and artless as a young fawn, evinced no sympathy in the pain her beauty caused ; and evaded every effort of her admirers—every snare which flattery and admiration, couched in the blandest language, spread unceasingly to catch her innocent heart.

The most ardent in the pursuit was Albert, Duke of Franconia. Brave, rich, and handsome, he had never yet discovered in the course of his gallan-

tries a woman's heart that was impregnable to his suit. But that bold bearing, the fruit of success, and which he boasted of as being so irresistible, was the chief obstacle in the way of his preferment with the virtuous and sensitive Gisele, and the duke soon discovered, to his infinite mortification, that if the princess really vouchsafed any favour at all to her suitors, he evidently received the least portion of it.

His vanity was no less severely wounded than his love, and he resolved to avenge himself of Gisele's indifference ; obtaining by force that consent which he now felt assured, in despite of his vanity, would never yield to his persuasive eloquence. Having learned from his emissaries that the princess

usually took her evening's walk, accompanied only by her chosen hand-maid, in a secluded part of the palace-gardens, he immediately disguised himself and two of his dependants, and lurked near the favourite spot, like a tiger in the jungle, ready to pounce upon his prey, resolving at all risks to carry her forcibly away. Unconscious of the imminent danger which threatened her, the gay Gisele approached her hidden enemy, laughing and prattling in the merriest mood with her companion. In an instant the three braves sprang from their hiding-place and rushed towards her; the blood fled from her cheeks, and, struck dumb with terror, she unconsciously grasped the arm of her attendant.

Marie, gifted with stronger nerves than her royal mistress, at first stood her ground with the boldness of a young stag at bay, apparently more inclined to frown them back, or demand the import of their abrupt intrusion, than retreat; but finding they still dared to approach, she uttered such a long and piercing shriek, that her whole strength and courage seemed united and expended in that one last effort.

For a moment the duke's minions were paralyzed, but the angry voice of their incensed lord speedily aroused them from their panic, and they both laid hands upon the struggling damsel. As for poor Gisele, almost senseless with terror, she yielded without resistance to the strong arm of Franconia, who was on the point of carrying her off, when a manly voice, in a bold and angry tone, loudly commanded him to desist. Startled by this unexpected greeting, Franconia turned quickly round, at the same moment a man, with surprising agility, vaulted over a high thicket which separated him from the duke. He wore a green gaberline, or military frock, with loose sleeves, braced round his loins with a strong leathern girdle; a cap of the same colour surmounted his head. A pair of long-armed gauntlets, and sandals with simple thongs, studded with brass, a skeyne or long dagger worn on his right side, and an oaken staff in his hand, completed the equipment of the stranger.

Although one opposed to three was serious odds, Gisele's spirits revived upon his appearance, and she joined in the earnest supplications of Marie for succour.

"Strike yon insolent slave to the earth!" exclaimed the duke, his apprehensions giving way to his anger upon the discovery of the enemy's strength. But the stranger gallantly prevented the vassals from executing the cowardly commands of their dread lord, by dexterously, and with the celerity of lightning, striking them down ere they had time to draw. The duke's weapon was plucked from its scabbard in an instant, and rushing in a menacing attitude towards this valiant interloper, he would have immolated him on the spot to his overwhelming rage, had not the prudence, the irritating coolness, and the astonishing agility of his opponent happily turned the current of his hot revenge. With one leap he sprang backwards, beyond the reach of the duke's deadly thrust, who, losing his balance and his footing in his impetuous course, fell prostrate and sprawling at the feet of the stranger.

Completely at the mercy of his intended victim, Franconia would have justly yielded his forfeited life, had not the now imploring voice of the tender Gisele stayed the uplifted arm of her brave defender.

"O! spare him, valiant soldier," exclaimed she, "spare him, that he may live and learn that the protection of Heaven is peculiarly over the weak and the defenceless."

"Honoured and merciful lady," replied the stranger, "only upon one condition shall this recreant quit this spot unscathed," and, possessing himself of the sword of the prostrate duke, he continued, addressing him, "unmask, and, on bended knee, ask pardon, and return thanks for the mercy which this virtuous and offended lady hath graciously vouchsafed thee, unworthy as thou art of such a favour."

Unwelcome as was this demand, the duke saw the impossibility of avoiding it, and, throwing off his mask, the well-known, and truly handsome, features of her desperate suitor met the astonished Gisele.

"Franconia!" was all that escaped her lips in the intensity of her surprise.

"Yes, lady, the unfortunate, but devoted Franconia," said the duke, "who, in the madness of that passion wherewith thou hast inspired him, hath been driven to this desperate act! Pity—relent, if thou can'st, but do not condemn me!"

"I forgive—but can never, never forget the terror and dismay which thou hast caused me. Go, duke," continued she, "but do not presume to appear again at my royal father's court. The recollection of this hour will render thee hateful to my sight," and she turned away from him with a shudder, that was more significant of her dislike than the coldest, haughtiest language her tongue could utter.

Rising from his humbled posture, the duke bowed haughtily to the princess, and, looking sternly at the stranger, whose piercing eye suspiciously watched his every motion, he hastily retreated from the scene of his galling defeat, leaving both his vassals, who were still lying insensible upon the greensward, from the effects of the blows they had received.

Franconia having departed, and all her fears at rest, Gisele now turned her attention to her deliverer. The plainness of his garb could not conceal the manly beauty of his person. Firm, well set, and of a fair complexion, he could not appear otherwise than favourable in the eyes of the princess, who regarded him with the most flattering smiles, which spake more pleasant thanks than the blandest speech, even of Gisele, could possibly convey. His colour was heightened by the contest in which he had been engaged; and when he doffed his cap, his light, silken hair, flowing in natural curls, and his bright, blue eyes, which seemed to receive added brightness from the beauty which he gazed on so ardently, and the gallantry of his conduct, gave him altogether a most interesting appearance in the eyes of the young Gisele. As for the lively Marie, she afterwards confessed to her reproving mistress, that "he looked so beautiful, that she

could have put her arms round his neck and kissed him."

"How shall we thank thee, gallant stranger," said Gisele, blushing deeply as she spoke, "for the great service thou hast rendered us?"

"Fair lady," replied he, "I have an ample guerdon in having had the pleasure to serve thee."

"Gallant as brave," said Gisele—"but—"

"—Pardon me, lady," interrupted he; "let us waive this point, whereon neither will, I am assured, agree. But," added he, regarding her small, white hand, which was adorned, after the fashion of the times, with many rings of rare value, "lest I quit thee, princess, (for such, from thine own lips, I learn thou art), under the weight of what thou dost please to term an obligation, I will crave a ring from thy royal hands!"

"Nay, 'tis a trifle—thou shalt have gold to buy thee fifty such."

"Gold can buy neither honour nor valour," replied he. "I am a plain soldier, and value both. Without offence to thy good will, this ring or—nothing!"

"'Tis thine," said she, drawing it from her finger, and presenting it, with a gracious smile; "a grateful, but a poor, return for thy valorous interference."

With a low bow he received the precious gift, and after raising it to his lips with the reverence due to some saintly relic, he drew a small pouch from his gaberline, wherein he carefully deposited it, and replaced it in his bosom.

Still remaining uncovered, he respectfully proffered his arm to the princess, and Marie, without hesitation, spared him the occasion of offering his other, by placing her's within it; and accompanying the princess and her damsel within sight of the guards who were on duty at the palace, he stopped abruptly to take his leave.

"Thou wilt not leave us?" said the princess, in a tone of unfeigned regret.

"An imperative duty calls me hence," replied he, "or I would, right

willingly, remain, and feel honoured in doing thy behests. But I must be gone—lady—farewell!”

“At least let me learn thy name.”

The blood crimsoned his brow at this request; for a moment he hesitated, and then hastily answered—“Princess—I have *that* to win!—when won, I promise thee thou shalt know it.”

“Then Heaven prosper thee!” exclaimed Gisele, and her benediction was most cordially echoed by Marie, who was already half in love with the stranger, and had conceived some indistinct idea, that were he to achieve greatness, she might be prevailed upon—but this was a mere vision of her lively imagination, and scarcely worthy the report.

Their good wishes were hardly breathed, ere the stranger had vanished, to the bitter regret of Gisele, who felt mightily displeased with herself for not having gained a better acquaintance with the condition and circumstances of this “plain soldier,” and her most brave and approved champion. And although she imposed silence upon Marie, and never divulged the treacherous conduct of Franconia to her father (her gentle spirit fearing some dreadful rupture with her powerful adorer), she sought daily and anxiously among the crowd who flocked to the regal court, but in vain, to recognize the form and features of her brave and disinterested deliverer.

His whole conduct was a mystery she had not power to solve; his demeanor was perfectly contradictory to his apparent condition.

He had, however, made such a favourable impression, that he was not only continually present in her waking thoughts, but even presented himself in her dreams, and then she talked of him so untiringly with Marie, and found his eulogy so pleasing and inexhaustible a topic, that she began at last actually to suspect that she was in love; whilst Marie boldly declared that she was certain her royal mistress was over head and ears in the tender passion; and she pretended to some authority and skill in these *affaires du cœur*, having herself been three several

times, but not desperately, smitten with three several cavaliers; but having “never told her love,” and being but a mere child, she was unaccountably overlooked, and still remained a young and pretty maid, with a whole heart and one of the prettiest little white hands that ever was displayed by a Gallic damsel, ready to bestow upon any gallant knight who should be fortunate enough to woo and win her.

The pleasing day-dreams of Gisele were, however, soon discovered to be, if not entirely dissipated, at least materially changed and diverted by the threatening aspect of public affairs, for she was a fond daughter, and a sudden and alarming inroad of the barbarous Danes upon her royal father’s domains caused her, in common with all France, the most serious anxiety. Tender thoughts of love speedily yielded to the all-engrossing topic of war and devastation. The famous Rollo, with a large navy of his enterprising compatriots, whose object was pillage, and the levying of heavy contributions from the weak and almost defenceless states, proceeded up the Seine. Even the fortified cities of Paris and Chartres were besieged by this bold and daring invader. The province of Burgundy, too, suffered severely from his ravages, and the weak monarch, alarmed at the progress of his foe, in lieu of giving him battle, and endeavouring to drive the northern intruder from his kingdom, dispatched an archbishop to treat with him for peace, at the sacrifice of an entire province of his dominions. In the meantime, however, the valiant Count Robert, of Paris, summoned his forces, and gave battle to the Danish chief.

The count was defeated; but Rollo won the palm of victory with so serious a loss, that he was fain to accept the terms of Charles.

“Tell thy royal master,” said the chief, addressing the venerable messenger of peace, “that Rollo will sheathe his victorious glaive upon the following conditions, and upon them only.

“First, that he will confer upon me and my heirs for ever the fair

duchy of Normandy. Secondly, that I may hold some hostage of the eternal amity he proffers, I demand the hand of his royal daughter in marriage!"

"Upon this last point ——" began the astonished archbishop.

"I am resolved!" hastily interrupted Rollo, "'tis in vain to gainsay me in this, sir priest; I am resolved."

The venerable man bowed his head and sighed. "And the baptism?" said he.

"Oh! I am right willing to submit to that part of the harmless ceremony," replied Rollo, in a manner that little gratified the worthy churchman's zeal, "and allegiance, too, will I freely swear—but only to my father—mark me, and keep my oath with the fidelity and affection of a true and legitimate son!"

If Charles felt indignant at these audacious proposals of Rollo, how much keener were the sorrowing and unavailing tears of poor Gisele. A council was held; but the sacrifice of a single maid, for the preservation of a kingdom's peace, weighed lightly in the balance of their policy, and it was decided, even with the approbation of Charles, that the terms of Rollo should be acceded to.

The fairy visions of Gisele's, until now, happy life, vanished in a moment; as for poor Marie, she wept unceasingly from the hour the fearful tidings reached them. But the die was cast: at the expiration of a few weeks, Charles, surrounded by his court, met the Danish chief upon the banks of the river Epte. Veiled to the very feet, the delicate and trembling Gisele walked forth from her father's tent, leaning for support on the arm of her favourite Marie, the sympathizer in all her fears and hopes, followed by six damsels, richly and gaily robed. Never did a sadder bride go forth to greet her intended partner.

Great was the contrast observed in the approach of the bold and victorious Dane: with an elated and happy countenance he stepped eagerly forward to meet his destined bride. The splendour of his dress exceeded every thing that had ever been displayed in the ranks of this barbarous nation.

Dec. 1831.

The archbishop scarcely recognized in the handsome form now presented to his eyes, the rude and uncourteous warrior with whom he had so lately and so unsatisfactorily negotiated; and felt some gratification in the hope, that the tender child of his sovereign might experience less repugnance and less unhappiness in this union than he had anticipated. The gorgeousness of his apparel was, however, lost upon Gisele and her companion, for Marie hung her head, unable to restrain her tears; and when Rollo gallantly advanced, and gently raised the princess's veil, to salute her as his own, Gisele, pale as a marble statue, closed her eyes, while a thrill of horror shot through her whole frame.

"Fair lady," said Rollo, apparently moved by the despair too evidently depicted on her blanched, but still beautiful countenance, "why shrink'st thou thus, as from a loathsome reptile, from one who truly loves thee?"

No sooner had Rollo uttered these words than the crimson blood mantled the pale cheeks of Gisele, and suddenly starting, as it were, from death to life, she fervently clasped her uplifted hands together, and gazing with a look of unmingled doubt and pleasure upon the Danish chief, she exclaimed, "O, gracious powers, my deliverer!" and swooning, was received in the arms of the delighted Rollo.

"Oh, all the saints be praised!" cried the ecstatic Marie, falling devoutly upon her knees, as a flood of delight poured into her bewildered and almost broken heart, "'tis he—'tis our brave defender! Love be praised!"—And a thousand other extravagancies did she utter, in the excess of her joy.

It is impossible for pen to describe the various sentiments of delight, wonder, and curiosity, with which this happy, and to some unaccountable *denouement* filled the breasts of the principal actors, and the spectators of this sudden and glorious dissipation of the universal gloom. Rollo was indeed the brave stranger, the lover and the beloved of the beautiful Gisele. In the humble guise in which he first appeared, he had been

reconnoitring an intended point of attack, when his good genius threw him, at a moment of imminent peril, into the presence of Gisele.

The romantic circumstances of their first interview were soon communi-

cated, and afterwards formed the theme of many a legendary song; and Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy, and the fair Gisele, lived prosperous and happy in the love of their people, and the affection of each other.

TO —.

BY WILLIAM MINOT, JUN. ESQ.

PERHAPS, Matilda, should this strain,
This feeble strain, e'er meet thine eye—
My form, so long unseen, again
May steal into thy memory,
Awak'ning thoughts of brighter days—
Of dreams foredoom'd, alas! to fade
Ere Admiration fix'd her gaze,
Ere half their splendour was display'd—
Recalling scenes of lost delight,
Rekindling Pleasure's lambent flame,
That beam'd a moment on the sight,
Then sunk a nothing or—a name!

The visions of life's radiant morning,
The promise that made glad the heart,
On Fancy's glitt'ring wings returning,
A momentary bliss impart!
The joys that bless'd my young career,
Affection's smile, Affection's tear,
And ev'ry fond attempt that strove
To win from thee a sister's love—
E'en now, e'en now their grateful pow'r
Sheds rapture on this silent hour!

But ah! these thoughts within my bosom stirring,
These phantoms of delight again recurring,
May bring no reminiscences to thee,
Nor strike one chord upon thy memory;
Forgetfulness usurps my sister's breast,
Making a blank of days that once were bless'd—
And now the echo of my name may seem
But as the faded vision of a dream!

But no! thou could'st not crush the chain,
The circled chain of memory;
One little link must still remain,
One pensive tear be shed for me!
The pow'r of thought, once mov'd, will range
Unbounded in its wide controul,
Till not a hope, a fear, a change
Unregister'd escapes the soul!
Touch but *one* chord that vibrates o'er
The bliss, the treasure once possess'd,
Oh, then how dear the pensive hour—
What soft reflections fill the breast!
Imagination holds her reign,
And all our youth revives again.

Each scene that charm'd us once displays
 Its former brightness to our gaze ;
 And even Sorrow chasten'd o'er—
 Sorrow, whose *pain* is felt no more,
 Will mingle with the tranquil hour.
 So soft a halo distance throws
 O'er all our joys, o'er all our woes,
 That, thus on Memory's page renew'd,
 They soothe our deepest solitude,
 'Till the fond vision, kindling on the brain,
 Assumes a form, and starts to life again !
 But ah ! so bright the dream that paints the past,
 Its very beauty breaks the charm at last !
 Such is the poor possession of our span,
 So limited the pow'r bestow'd on man,
 That even Memory at best can bring
 But half a pleasure on her searching wing,
 And the phantasmal shapes that mock the eye,
 Beam for a moment—in a moment die ;—
 That which was once so palpable, so bright,
 Tho' oft recurring, only lends its ray
 To cheat misfortune into fancied light,
 Leaving us lonelier as it fades away :
 And yet so sweet the spell, that we employ
 Whole hours of thought o'er one remember'd joy,
 'Till the swol'n heart no longer can restrain
 Th' excess of bliss from thrilling into pain !

CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

THE name of Byron should now, like that of Milton or Shakspeare, be only known in the history of literature and the records of immortality. The little jealousies and perishable interests which fretted themselves against his living fame, as they have done against that of the great men of all ages, have no longer any influence over the tribunal of opinion. The pure principles by which *mind* is estimated, must now try his claims to public admiration, and not the fears, the ignorance, or the passions of men.

In the history of human genius, its powers, and its weakness, there never was a man whose abilities and conduct excited more ardent attention, and afforded more of real and speculative topic for praise and defamation than Lord Byron. He entered the world of poetry as Chatham did that of eloquence, scarcely heard of in the lists until he had obtained the first honours of the conflict. As the resentment of Walpole called forth from the young orator the first resistless flashes

of an eloquence that burned in extinguishable splendour to the last hour of his earthly glory, so did the repulse which was given to the boyish aspirings of the noble bard discover to himself, by the re-action it created, all the resources of his intellect, and place him, at once, on the splendid summit of poetic ambition. The excitement did not so much inflame his passions as exasperate his genius, and thenceforth, in ceasing to appear amiable, he became what men more admire—daring, vindictive, and successful.

By nature generous and confiding, he was, by the privilege of genius, sudden and impetuous. Minds of such fine formation look at human life, either through the vivid glow of fancy, or the gloom of irritated sensibility. So Byron's early imagination made him hope too highly of the world, and his experience caused him to think too badly of it. The disappointments which his unsuspecting spirit endured from the companions of his pleasures, or the mercenary flatterers whom rank, and

opulence, and fame attract, reduced his estimate of human nature, not only far below his own preconceived notions, but beneath its proper level. Born to ornament and grace society, he seemed, for a great part of his short life, to study only how he could most effectually desert it. To a man, however, of his creative invention, every wilderness would be peopled with the ideal beings with whom his thoughts could communicate; and perhaps he was often supposed to be indulging in the morose seclusion of the misanthrope, when he was only enjoying the dreams of a high and splendid imagination.

Though gay and cheerful in his intercourse with mankind, and full of sportive hilarity in the convivial hour, yet his generally reserved habits, and the peculiar tone of his poetry, gave him, in the popular eyes, a sort of mysterious and gloomy fame, of which he did not seem anxious to remove the impression. His fondness for the delineation of one character of sullen, wayward, desperate purpose, animated by the most devoted love and least placable revenge—terrible to his enemies—fascinating to his followers, and spreading around desolation of the passions, or dark influence of distempered sensibility, was taken as proof that he only portrayed from his own heart this the favourite hero of his poetry. But a presumption so founded is very fallacious. The opinion was, indeed, entertained by some of the first critics of the day, but it is not improbable that they sacrificed philosophical accuracy to tragic effect. If there were any bard whose intellect had more of the divine emanation than another, it was John Milton, and yet he succeeded best in the awful description of satanic majesty. It is not difficult to discover, in his *Paradise Lost*, that the celestial goodness and power had the affection of his morals; but certainly the reckless and ambitious spirit of evil that desolated the world, and audaciously confronted the lightnings of its Creator, was the hero of his genius. Satan never looked to human thoughts so sublime before the imagination of the great poet clothed the "Archangel

ruined" in all his desperate glory. Yet was there nothing diabolical in the character of Milton; never was there a man who showed in the nobler union the imaginative faculty with the spirit of inflexible virtue; or who, "though fallen on evil days and evil tongues," burned with a more intense zeal for enlightened freedom, and the improvement of the world. But it is the prerogative of the first class of genius so to describe ideal existence, as to make it appear part of its own moral identity.

Inferior minds can hardly conceive how a poet can embody thoughts into the counterfeit of some reality, of which he has had no experience. The man who advanced the spirit and language of poetry beyond the limits of his age, and who, in the foresight of his genius, anticipated a century of improvement, was the inventor of the incorrigible and malicious barbarism of Caliban. His intellect was enamoured of the invention, as we may see from the spirit and richness with which he portrayed it; but neither his morals nor his mind had any sympathy with the subject. Why, then, should it be thought fair to attempt to measure the moral qualities of Byron by a test which is evidently erroneous when applied to the characters of those great men, who, in the originality and daring vigour of his inspiration, he most resembled?

That first attribute of the poetic mind—creative power, Byron eminently possessed. At his first appearance, every possible variety of poetic style and subject was supposed to be ascertained, if not exhausted; yet he created a new era. He was erratic, it is true, but he deviated from the beaten track to make rich discoveries; his eagle spirit, enamoured of the sun, rushed on a powerful wing into the oriental world, and carried away the "barbaric pearls and gold," which the magic of his genius converted into ornaments worthy the immortal temple of the muses. He proved that the fictions of the East, though the offspring of the soil of voluptuous barbarism, can be wedded to higher qualities of mind than such as are required to describe the absurd mysteries and monsters—the won-

derous unrealities and gorgeous scenery of Arabian enchantments.

In the *Giaour*, he has adopted the circumstances, the scenery, and perhaps the plot, from the land of demons and genii; but he has invested them in the sentiments which only the most gifted inspiration dictates. He has described the faithful, timid, but enduring affection of woman, springing up in the land of sensual barbarity, like the fair white lily, that lays forth its snowy lustre on the stagnant pool; and he has delineated the wild, headlong career of fierce masculine devotion, with as much energy of thought and charm of poetry as ever was lavished upon the passion or fortunes of successful love. He has shown also a perfect conception of what is fine, and beautiful, and grand in nature, by his picturing, with singular power, the luxuriant and terrific region, where the soft climate wafts balmy airs and sweeping pestilence, and where the fire of the scorpion mingles with the freshness of the flowers. Above all has he given the workings of passion on the mind itself—the sufferings of the despairing but tameless spirit—the revenge that survives the destruction of its enemy—the agony of a fidelity whose object is beyond the grave—the extinction of hope, and the collected torments of recollection, with a power of moral scrutiny and exposure that, if it ever was excelled, can own no superiority but in the author of *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*.

The rapid and careless spirit, of Byron seldom indulged in prettiness of thought or nicety of expression. He was as bold in his language as he was daring and lofty in his conceptions. His thoughts shaped themselves into words, either with blameable negligence or enchanting felicity; but the latter was chiefly their characteristic. In most of the exquisite small poems in which love is his subject, he is the poet of its sentiment rather than of its passion. His muse is not so ardent and amorous as tender and devoted. On great subjects, where he struck the chord of battle, or raised the song of freedom, he has an eloquence that seizes the reason,

and carries all the heart along with it—clear, strong, and impetuous, it is full of power and grace, and music and fascination.

The *Concetti* of the Italian school of poetry, as well as the frigid declamation of the French, his manly sense and strong imagination disdained. He sent bold thoughts in the voice of nature to the heart. The mechanical facility which refines upon poetic sentiment until it becomes cold and passionless—the elaborate assortment and nice adaption of the petty wares of a glittering fancy, which reduce the divine fame of poetry to the level of the jeweller's art, who sets his gems or his paste, as it may be, with the cold determination to dazzle, Byron never thought of. His poetry rose or sunk into grandeur or weakness with the inequality of his inspiration, as the ocean fluctuates under the breathings of the heavens.

He has been accused of a proneness to adopt the ideas of others. He could do so without impeachment of his originality. Whatever he borrowed he invested almost always with a peculiar charm, that made it his own. This was not plagiarism, but generous imitation; and he, like other great poets, has frequently been accused of the former without just ground, by those small critics who cannot distinguish between poetic larceny, and accidental coincidences of genius.

He has certainly much that was unworthy of him—much that was below the quality of his mind and the spirit of his ambition. He who contended for the prize of strength or swiftness in the Olympic games, was tried only by the best efforts of his skill and power. So should genius be estimated only by its greatest works, for those which are below itself are not parts of its fame, but only the more earthly matter, which would have sunk into oblivion, but for the excellence of the diviner productions, which made them buoyant, and floated them into celebrity. Swift has not lost his reputation as a wit, by having written some things that were dull, and his having been addicted even to the senseless habit of punning. Pope's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, in which he attempted

to rival the lyric grandeur of Dryden, would have lowered him to a level with some of the heroes of his own Dunciad, if that were made the standard of his fame. And the *Paradise Regained* would, on the same principle, have lost Milton his claim to epic supremacy.

Let Byron then be appreciated like others, by his best productions, and he will stand, in all that constitutes genuine poetry, among the first men of any age or nation, and among those of his own day, superior and alone. The *Giaour*, the *Corsair*, *Childe Harold*, parts of his *Don Juan*, many of his smaller pieces, and even frequent passages in his least estimable works, are of the first stamp of immortal verse. The first and second especially, for intensity of thought, depth of moral delineation, descriptive vigour, and the union of the anatomy of the passions, and the feelings, with Homeric boldness of action. The *Childe Harold* is particularly interesting for the strains of a wandering and delicious minstrelsy, which twines, with the most touching sentiments, all the recollection to which history consecrates her favourite scenes to the peculiar veneration of mankind.

It is objected, that these poems were not written with any moral intention. They have, however, a strong moral tendency; they exhibit, in a most appalling manner, the desolating effects of unrestrained passion on the strongest minds, consuming virtue, withering up the very intellect, and creating a desert around the infatuated victim of his own wild indulgence. If there be no moral in such an exposure of human hardihood, crime, and self-infliction, we must deny all the instructive effects of example. Byron has not clothed the evil principle with the charm of success, but torturing passion, blighted hopes, and distempered mind, perform that vengeance on guilt, which more vulgar moralists would visit with the hacknied scourge of worldly adversity, or the rack of the executioner.

But independently of the stories themselves, there are passages in the course of these poems replete with

the noblest thoughts that philosophy ever breathed under the dictation of the muse. There are not, in all the range of our poetry, any sentiments of more beauty, pathos, originality, and elevation, than those throughout *Childe Harold* and the *Giaour*, which are suggested by the scenery of Greece, and the mournful and grand associations with which it fills the civilized mind. With what a fervour of the heart's devotion does he not wake the lyre on this melancholy and enchanting subject? How touching his sorrows over the fallen land of arts and song! How manly and inspiring his call to awake her from the long, cold trance of debasement! How full of a deep interest in her future fate, and of the animation of her remembered glory! Passages like these elevate the soul in the midst of those fictions in which the fancy woos enjoyment. They infuse the preservatives of virtue—heroic thoughts, and generous emotions, and thus they display the superiority of truth and wisdom in the most attractive light, by the contrast of their splendour with the surrounding dark and awful scenery of moral ruin.

After mourning over the fallen pride—the broken lyre—the lost intelligence—the banished virtues of Greece, he lived to see her rise again from chains and dishonour, and shake off the dust of her humility on the trampled turban of her oppressors. He lived to see her vessels float again in triumph through Salamis, and her warlike youth stem the torrent of the invader in the sacred straits of Thermopylæ. He lived to raise the song of battle for the cohorts of Greece, armed for vengeance and freedom, and to see chiefs conquer and fall, who were worthy of interment in the tomb of Leonidas. Had he survived to commemorate them on his lyre, his genius would have been both the incitement of the living, and the fame of the dead; but Providence chose to take away this modern Tyrtæus from reviving Greece before her redemption was accomplished. His mission of virtue and glory had scarcely begun on the soil of Homer, Solon, and Miltiades, when his earthly days were numbered, and immortality received him.

May the world forget his faults—
and Greece remember his example.
Let her not droop over his urn, but
carry his spirit to the conflict; let a
just revenge appease his shade—her
own liberation will be the best tribute
to his memory. His genius will com-
mand admiration, while the language
of England survives to bear his fame
above the silence of the grave.

But should Greece prevail, there will
his name have peculiar honours, and a
sanctuary from all detraction. His

memory will be identified with her
second glory. His inspired exhorta-
tions to freedom will be remembered
as the voice of prophetic virtue. It
will be recollected that he was the last
to lament over her fallen and degraded
state, when there was no ray of hope
upon it, the first to hail her regenera-
tion. May his dying words still lead
on the cause to which his splendid
powers were consecrated, although his
charmed mantle has fallen on no suc-
cessor.

HE COMETH!

A PARAPHRASE.*

BY JOHN S. CLARK, ESQ.

FEAR no more, Israel, the avenging rod,—
Oh! comfort ye my people, saith your God!
Speak unto Salem peace, behold at last
Her strife is ended and her warfare past!
No more the hills shall mourn in sterile woe,
See in the wild the verdant pasture grow;
O'er the parched sod the limpid stream shall bound
And smiling plenty deck the sterile ground;
The desert paths the bending vine shall bless,
The full-eared corn shall crown the wilderness;
The silent vales shall pour their grateful lays,—
And the still woods be eloquent in praise!
Oh Zion! teeming with celestial joy,
Let the blest tale your grateful harp employ;
Quick to the mountains speed with willing feet,
Go, seek ye trembling Israel's dark retreat;
Lift up thy voice, oh Salem! in the height,
Shout the glad tidings of eternal might,
Say Mercy smiles upon the bleeding sod,
Say unto Judah's tribes, Behold your God!

All flesh is grass, and all its beauty frail
As the fair flow'r that withers in the gale;
In health and strength man ushers in the morn—
The worm preys on him ere the morrow dawn:
Where then his worth, his loveliness and grace?
Well may the voice re-echo—"flesh is grass!"

Fountain of Love! ere first the living light
Flashed forth its splendour on the gloom of night,
Thou wast!—and when all nature shall decay,
Systems on systems shall dissolve away,—
When the bright Sun shall blacken in its sphere,
And whirling planets cleave the liquid air,
Thou, Thou, shalt stand in majesty sublime,
And wave thy sceptre o'er the tomb of Time!

From 40th chapter of Isaiah.

SLAVE QUESTION.

IN our former papers on this subject we have endeavoured to show the legal, inalienable right of property in the slave with which the legislature of this country has invested the proprietor; we have opposed ourselves to the menaces of faction, and pillared our cause on the bright power of that justice which owns not the existence of a theoretic humanity, which disdaining all the observances of established right, would, in its ardent pursuit of imaginary good, hurl inevitable destruction on the heads of unoffending thousands.

We have before stated that we are not the advocates of slavery, but the defenders of those who have been too credulously induced by the guarantee of England to become the possessors of the wretched property in question. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the power to purchase ought never to have been granted, that the law should never have been passed which enabled the freeborn Briton to become the owner of his fellow-man—however erroneous may have been the enactments of the senate, successive parliaments have sanctioned and confirmed their decrees; and the right once given, the law once made, cannot be rescinded without a strict observance of the relative position of all parties to the compact. If a wrong *has* been committed, it arose out of the sanction granted by the government of this country to her sons for the extension of her general interests—and those interests have been in every variety extended. The grantors then are the guilty party, and should therefore be the suffering one. Compensation full and perfect should be made, otherwise not even a semblance of justice will remain to those Quixotic aspirants after a little perishable fame, who would unconscientiously consent to rob one man in order that he might bestow a *doubtful* benefit on another. Virtue has been divided into—Benevolence, to propose good ends; and Prudence, to suggest the best means for their attainment—and both must be directed to the increase of *universal happiness*. Now it remains to be ascertained, whether the self-satisfied saintship of those who pro-

pose a wrong *in the hope* that good may be the consequence, have not built their superstructure on very fallacious premises, since virtue ceases to be virtue as soon as its component requisites become hypothetical. Whatever is right is good. But then the good must be clearly perceptible in all its various ramifications, immediate and remote, or the right is lost amid vague and uncertain speculations. And such appears to us to be the nature of the benefit proposed even in the case of the blacks themselves. It is, to say the least of it, *uncertain*, whether “by an early and utter extinction of slavery” the condition of the negroes would be improved. We will not for the moment dwell on the wide ruin which would be the consequence of such an act to their masters, since so *unique* is the system of humanity which pervades the breasts of the anti-slavery zealots, that no sympathy, it seems, can be excited in favour of the deluded proprietor, who, trusting in the faith of England, looks with bitterness on his fond credulity, and curses the hour in which he first listened to her lying promises. But to our inquiry as to whether the proposed course would bring a *positive* good to the negroes themselves. To those who are unacquainted with their dispositions, habits, and practices, it would of course appear that liberty must be a blessing; that the cultivation of mind, and an unwearied industry would necessarily be the results of so great a gift. But the negro is by nature indolent to an extreme degree; the energy of mind and purpose are not his. They seem made for a dependant station, and we are borne out in this assertion by the fact, that however good have been the means used for their instruction and improvement, they still remain uninstructed and unimproved. They are superstitious also to such an extent, that no arguments can convince them of the fallacy of their beliefs. That some, nay many of them, are well disposed, we readily admit; but such dread the notion of universal freedom as much as the proprietors themselves, because experience has taught them that no regu-

lation of power will be strong enough to protect them from the more numerous and lawless of their class.

It is presumed by some very ignorant persons, that freedom would so far ennoble them in their self-esteem, that, once manumitted, they would readily fall into a steady course of duty; and upon this hypothesis they argue, that neither the mother country nor the proprietor would lose by the robbery of the latter. Nay, they go so far as to state that more produce would be made by voluntary than by constrained labour! But such a man must have not only a very imperfect notion of the negro's disposition, but of human nature generally. He may rest assured that the first burst of unrestrained freedom would be followed by ungovernable licence, and that the scenes of St. Domingo would be immediately re-enacted. If it appears, then, that the proposed measure—that which is petitioned for by men who have nothing to lose by its adoption, and who are *intentionally* ignorant on the subject—offers a good, doubtful either in its direct or remote consequences, it is founded neither on benevolence or prudence, and cannot be entertained by any government having the *universal good* of its subjects at heart. Let us turn now to the situation of the proprietor, who is, surely, as much entitled to protection as the negro—what is at present *his* position, and what would it be in the event of a general manumission? He is now

traduced, calumniated, held up to the hatred of his servant, whose rebellion is encouraged by the conduct and expressions of those—the self-named friends of humanity—whose duty it ought to be to conciliate, as well as to protect—who, perceiving that they have a great and difficult question to agitate, should investigate its merits clearly, fully, and impartially. But no! the petty prating, amazed at the success of his revolutionary harangues, proceeds from one wrong to another, till, at length, like the evil one in Milton, he defies truth, honor, justice, reason, and right, in his course of flagitious enormity. The consequence is that property is depreciated, and the interests of thousands sacrificed to the machinations of party. But irretrievable ruin, if not absolute annihilation, will be the merciless lot of the white man, unless the destructive desires of these mad demagogues be silenced by the wise interference of government. And, without the agency of some such power, what is to be expected? The ignorant are stimulated to rebellion, and is it astonishing that they should rebel? But woe to that man who, in the prosecution of his own heartless or interested purposes, invests whole countries in rapine and bloodshed—who can smile on the misery he has created—and, in the deep hypocrisy of his soul, bless God for his “HUMANITY!”

WM. M——, JUN.

LINES,

WRITTEN WHILST CONTEMPLATING THE LIKENESS OF A FRIEND.

BY WILLIAM MINOT, JUN. ESQ.

SEE the blossoms of Spring—they are faded and gone!
See the last rose of summer—'tis drooping alone
On the bush where in exquisite beauty it bloom'd,
But though faded, the air, by its fragrance perfum'd,
Sheds sweetness ambrosial around.

So this picture—its tints and its colours may fly—
But, ah! mark you the mind that illumines that eye!
Sure it points to a soul where the virtues are staid,
And depicts to you loveliness never to fade,
And a heart where no foible is found.

THE EDITORS' COUNCIL CHAMBER.

OUR PROROGATION!

OUR readers will remember that, on the commencement of our labours with the January number, we called together our literary parliament, and addressed them in a speech which, for neatness, eloquence, and perspicuity, has rarely, if ever, been equalled. Of the effect which it produced, the public shall be the judges. We proudly gaze on the encomiums which present themselves in our favour — we point to a circulation extended far, very far beyond our most sanguine hopes, and feel quite content in the conviction, that we *are* what the Literary Gazette declares us to be, “the BEST of the competitors for female favour.” On the conclusion then of our labours for the present year, it was with a peculiar degree of satisfaction that we determined to prorogue our literary parliament, and with this view we dispatched the necessary orders to our sub-editor, and other officers of state, commanding them to make every preparation in the council chamber for so grand and important a ceremony. The 29th ult. was the day fixed on for the occasion; and never did day rise more auspiciously — the *belles* were ringing, publishers cheering, and as for guns, one would have supposed ours to be a

powder magazine. As the time drew on, it is natural to believe that our heart palpitated not a little; the anticipation of what was to follow certainly inspired us with our more than usual degree of spirits; but how were we disappointed on discovering, just as the hour arrived for the movement of the procession, that one of our horses was taken seriously unwell! “Never mind the state carriage!” petulently exclaimed we; “d—n it! call a hackney coach.” Just at this moment, however, we chanced to perceive the National Omnibus galloping at a rapid rate towards our door, the driver of which, politely touching his hat, reminded us that he had frequently before *given us a lift*, and hoped he should have the honour of assisting us now. We accepted the offer, and pushing through the crowd which thickened upon us, making us feel that we were a member of the *press*, leaped into the vehicle, which proceeded slowly from St. James, through the Strand, to the end of Wellington-street, where the multitude halted for breath. At this moment the following prophetic strains, which appeared to proceed from some minstrel in Lancaster-place, fell upon our ear:

Not a sound was heard—not a sigh or a sob,
As our sheets to the cheese-shop were hurried;
Not a porter but bowed down his *illagant* nob,
And his face in his *snowy* hands buried.

He hastened along through the Strand at night,
Our hearts for the “Royal Mag.” yearning,
By the struggling moonbeams’ misty light,
To the shop where the gas-lamp was burning.

The shopman was standing bedizened with grease,
And he looked confoundedly snubbish;
And we thought we should really have broke the king’s peace,
When he said, “What d’ye *ax* for your rubbish?”

Few and short were the words we said,
For our bosoms were choked up with sorrow;
One shilling and four-pence was all that he bid,
And he promised to *pay us to-morrow*.

So off we walked by the light of the moon,
And our tears they fell fast in the gutter,
When we thought that the leaves of our Magazine soon
Would be wrapped around bacon and butter.

Slowly and sadly we pondered o'er
 Each elegy, sonnet, and story,
 And "Oh!" said we, as we reached the door,
 "How the Ladies' Museum will glory!"

There was a melancholy sadness in the air which almost made us weep;
 and, sweeping the responsive chords, we thus replied:—

The Mag. that once through Sams's shop
 The soul of puff'ry shed,
 Has almost reached its final stop,
 And sunk amid the dead.

So sleep all those conceited elves,
 So soon their day is gone,
 Who, fond of praising up themselves,
 Receive *that* praise alone.

No more above each stupid page
 Its gull'd subscribers yawn;
 The Queen withdrew her patronage
 When she saw No. One.

Now, sinking 'mid the public sneers,
 The only noise it gives
 Is when some paid-for puff appears,
 To tell that still it lives.

On we went, and stopped not until our arrival at Temple-bar, where we were waited upon by the civic authorities to present an address of congratulation, and to request our advice, on the best means of preventing cholera morbus. As a preliminary step they, as usual, presented the *Key* of the city. "Away with your stupid *Key*!" cried we, and having perused the parchment, hastily added, "Petition Grey to take off the quarantine on ships from Sunderland, or you will assuredly have the *coal-era* in London." At which they all laughed except the right honourable the Lord Mayor, who, from some reason or other, looked excessively grumpy, and whispered Charles Pearson, that "he didn't see much in it;" to which the latter, significantly turning up the left corner of his mouth and shrugging his shoulders, made no reply. At Fetterlane we were again obliged to halt, to listen to the following plaintive ditty, which appeared to issue from the office of the Old Lady's Magazine:—

"Oh! no they never mention me,
 My name is never heard;
 The ladies wont peruse a mag.
 So silly and absurd:
 From shop to shop they hurry me,
 To all my foes' delight;
 And when I boast of intellect,
 The shopmen laugh outright.

"They bid me seek in change of hue
 A brighter mag. to be;
 But in a black and yellow garb,
 They find no change in me.
 'Tis not the outside coat bespeaks,
 The value of the ore:
 And oh! my fair subscribers fled,
 E'en faster than before.

"They tell me I've a rival now,
 The gayest of the gay;
 Where talent—fashion—all unite—
 But heed not what they say :
 For if I couldn't be as good,
 As that proud pampered elf;
 I'd put a faggot on the fire,
 And hang it !—burn myself."

The petulant and quivering tone of passion in which this last verse was given, had an irresistible effect on all present—the very horses snorted. As we approached the office of the

"World of Fashion," we observed a melancholy - looking face peeping through the window-bars, and instinctively attuned our lyre to the following beautiful song.

Poor Mister Bell, poor Mister Bell,
 How many a tale your glum looks tell;
 Of custom gone since that sweet time,
 When ladies thought you quite sublime.

Those happy hours are past away,
 And lost is all thy fancied sway;
 For we have broke the charming spell,
 And cut you out, poor Mister Bell.

And soon will all our foes be gone,
 Succumbing to us one by one;
 The "Royal," "Lady's Mag." "La Belle,"
 And lastly you, poor Mister Bell.

Our course lay through Ave Maria Lane, and on arriving at Messrs. Whittaker's, we fully expected to be greeted by our ancient friend, La Belle Assemblée, but that sagacious print, as usual, *said nothing*, and we were not disposed to disturb its dying moments.

At exactly twelve o'clock a flourish of trumpets, at the door of Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, announced our approach. Shortly afterwards we entered the council chamber, preceded by the band of gentlemen publishers, and followed by a numerous retinue of authors, magazine writers, editors, sub-editors, &c. &c. We looked, as usual, remarkably well, and were attired in a snuff-coloured coat, silk waistcoat, black continuations, and Wellington boots, with the addition (as we were the source of genuine English poetry) of a *Spencer*. Our appearance was greeted with tremendous cheering—the ladies gave one simultaneous burst of delight—and the waving of handkerchiefs, &c. &c. lasted for several minutes. During this time we walked round the room, and perceiving one or two of our principal friends anxiously looking for the

honour of a notice, we were pleased to gratify them by a slight recognition—"How d'ye do, Mr. Colburn? I am very happy to see you in our council chamber, Mr. Whittaker—this is indeed a charming sight—one of the most beautiful I ever beheld." The tumult having, in some degree, subsided, silence was commanded, and ascending the *rostrum*, we proceeded to deliver the following speech, in a clear and emphatic tone:—

"My friends and lettermen,

"I am, at length, enabled to put an end to a session of unexampled labour, in which matters of the deepest interest have been submitted to your care.

"I have felt happy in rendering you every assistance in my power, in the furtherance of your literary duties, being unwilling that, through any negligence of mine, such duties should press too heavily upon my people. The chastisement which I have felt it necessary to inflict, where correction was needed, will, I trust, tend to cleanse the great source of national literature, while the praises which I have condescended to bestow, where the honour was due, will, I

doubt not, "give profitable encouragement to the well-deserving.

"I continue to receive the most gratifying assurances from foreign parts; the discrimination of the British fair has trebled our circulation; and on every side I hear nothing but the most gratifying encomiums, which have oftentimes caused even myself to blush.

"Our antagonists are not yet entirely extinct; but a degree of virulence and imbecility, which have of late exhibited themselves in their pages, may, I trust, be hailed as the sure prelude to an expiring squeak.

"*Lettermen of Ivy-lane,*

"I thank you for the attention which you have paid to my interests, and for the vigilance with which you have backed my efforts. I am well assured that no attention on your part will be wanting to improve the embellishments of our future numbers.

"*My friends and lettermen,*

"In the interval of repose that may now be afforded you, I am sure it is unnecessary for me to recommend to you the cultivation of your already enlightened minds.

"The anxiety which has been so generally manifested by the public for the accomplishment of *reform* in female literature, will, I trust, be duly recognized by you. To the consideration of this important question, the attention of our parliament must necessarily be called at the opening of the ensuing session; and you may be assured of my unaltered desire to promote its improvement, by such steps as may be found necessary for securing to the sex the full enjoyment of their manifest right, which, in combination with the mental advancement of the other order of our species, are essential to the character of our Constitution!"

When we had concluded the above speech, our sub-editor, from behind the rostrum, declared, by his superior's command, that the parliament was prorogued to the 20th inst. and it was prorogued accordingly.

On descending the throne the cheers were absolutely deafening; "never," says the Herald, "was so imposing a spectacle—never was seen such devotion by an enlightened people to their literary and illustrious chief!"

ALBUM.

THE BRIDAL.

By Delta.

Did you see the red rose on its bonny green stem,

As it open'd its lips for the dew?

The newly-fledged birds, did ye look upon them,

Just fluttering their wings ere they flew?

Did you mark the young light dawning down in the east,

With the clouds cold and silent above?

Did you hear the bells ring at the village-spread feast,

And see the young bride and her love?

Oh, the rose it has bloom'd, it is withered, 'tis dead,

And its leaves blown away with a breath!

Oh, the birds they are grown, they are strong, they are fled,

And the fowler has done them to death!

Oh, the light brightened forth over woodland and dell,

Then it faded and faded away!

Oh, the bells that were ringing are tolling a knell,

And the bride and her love—where are they?

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

By T. Haynes Bayly, Esq.

The matron at her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,

Sits gazing on her lovely face—aye, lovely even now:

Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of care?

Why steals that tear across her cheek?—She sees her first gray hair.

Time from her form hath ta'en away but little of its grace;

His touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her face;

Yet she might mingle in the dance where maidens gaily trip,

So bright is still her hazel eye, so beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often mark'd by sorrow more than years;

The wrinkle on the cheek may be the course of secret tears;

The mournful lip may murmur of a love it ne'er confest,

And the dimness of the eye betray a heart that cannot rest.

But *she* hath been a happy wife;—the
 lover of her youth
 May proudly claim the smile that pays the
 trial of his truth;
 A sense of slight—of loneliness—hath ne-
 ver banish'd sleep;
 Her life hath been a cloudless one;—then,
 wherefore doth she weep?

She looked upon her raven locks;—what
 thoughts did they recal?
 Oh! not of nights when they were deck'd
 for banquet or for ball;
 They brought back thoughts of early youth,
 ere she had learnt to check
 With artificial wreaths, the curls that
 sported o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand pass
 lightly through her hair,
 And draw it from her brow, to leave a kiss
 of kindness there;
 She seem'd to view her father's smile, and
 feel the playful touch
 That sometimes feign'd to steal away the
 curls she prized so much.

And *now* she sees her first gray hair! oh,
 deem it not a crime
 For her to weep, when she beholds the
 first foot-mark of Time!
 She knows that, one by one, those mute
 mementos will increase,
 And steal youth, beauty, strength away,
 till life itself shall cease.

'Tis not the tear of vanity for beauty on the
 wane;
 Yet though the blossom may not sigh to
 bud and bloom again,
 It cannot but remember, with a feeling of
 regret,
 The spring for ever gone, the summer-sun
 so nearly set.

Ah, lady! heed the monitor! Thy mirror
 tells thee truth,
 Assume the matron's folded veil, resign the
 wreath of youth;
 Go! bind it on thy daughter's brow, in
 her thou'lt still look fair;
 'Twere well would all learn wisdom who
 behold the first gray hair!

—
 FRAGMENT.
 By Coleridge.

I dislike the man, swordsman or not,
 who deliberately trifles with the affections
 of a woman. I would rather shake hands
 with a highwayman, than with a gentleman
 who has sacrificed to his own vanity the
 life-long happiness of an inexperienced
 girl. I fear this sort of conduct has never
 yet been sufficiently reprobated, and females
 too often betray the cause of their sex, by
 accepting, with pride, the homage of a man
 who has become notorious for the conquest

and desertion of their sisters—as if his
 mercy and love could be depended upon,
 who has once been cruel to an affectionate
 woman. The world laughs, and store of
 lying proverbs and stupid jests on the brief-
 ness of woman's love, are administered;
 but you will find, if your heart be not har-
 dened by selfishness, that this will be in
 vain. Perhaps you had no intention of be-
 ing serious—you only flirted, tried to be
 agreeable, and to please for the moment;
 you had no conception that your behaviour
 could be misconstrued, and you shudder at
 the bare thought of earning the icy damna-
 tion of a seducer. It may be so, for there
 is a descent to the hell of seduction, though
 that descent is perniciously easy; and

"Nemo repente fuit turpissimus;"
 but what if, while you were meaning no-
 thing, your trifling created anguish, your
 sport became death to the poor object of it?
 When by exclusive attentions you have
 excited regard, by the development of ta-
 lent, or by the display and devotion of
 personal graces you have fascinated the
 mind and the heart—when by the meeting
 and the sinking eye, the faltering voice, the
 fervid tone, the retained hand, you have
 awakened the passion which you cannot
 lay—when you have wilfully done this in
 the cold blood of vanity, and it suits your
 convenience or your sated coxcombry to
 finish the scene by an altered mien, a dis-
 tant courtesy, or an expression of surprise
 at the unexpected efforts of your civility—
 will you be able to quiet your conscience
 with a jest? Will you sleep on an adage
 of fools and a lie of your own? What if the
 poor being, whose hopes you have changed
 into despair—whose garden you have blast-
 ed with mildew and rust—whose heaven
 you have darkened for evermore—shall suf-
 fer in silence, striving to bear her sorrow,
 praying for cheerfulness, pardoning without
 forgetting you, till the worm has eaten
 through to the life, and the body is emaciate
 which you have led in the dance, the voice
 broken on which you have hung, the face
 wan which you have flattered, and the eyes
 frightfully bright with a funereal lustre
 which used to laugh radiantly, and hope,
 and love, when they gazed upon you?
 What if a prouder temper, a more ardent
 imagination, and a stronger constitution,
 could lead to spite and impatience, and
 recklessness of good and ill—if a hasty and
 loveless marriage should be the rock of her
 soul, or the provocative of her sin? Is
 there mandragora could drug you to sleep
 while this was on your memory, or does
 there really live a man who could triumph
 in such bitter woe? But

"Varium et mutabile semper
 Fœmina."

O, I believe it not! For the dear sake of our household gods, call it and cause it to be a lie! Be ye sure that coquettes are the refuse of their sex, and were only ordained to correspond with the cockcombs of our's. Women have their weaknesses, and plenty of them, but they are seldom vicious like our's: and as to their levity of heart, who shall compare the worldly skin-deep fondness of a man, with the one rich idolatry of a virtuous girl? A thousand thoughts distract, a thousand passions are a substitute for the devotion of a man; but to love is the purpose; to be loved the consummation; to be faithful the religion of a woman; it is her all in all, and when she gives her heart away, she gives a jewel which, if it does not make the wearer richer than Cræsus, will leave the giver poor indeed.

HYMN OF THE MOUNTAIN CHRISTIAN.

By Mrs. Hemans.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fix'd our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our father's God!

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose lights must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
Midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage
Struck forth as by thy rod—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark, resounding heavens,
Where thy still small voice is heard,
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by thy breath are stirr'd;
For the storms on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth
On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master,
Seeks there his wild delights;
But we for thy communion
Have sought the mountain sod—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our father's God!

The banner of the chieftain
Far, far below us waves;
The war-horse of the spearman
Cannot reach our lofty caves;
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
Of freedom's last abode;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of thy presence
Round our camp of rock outspread;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead;
For the snows, and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

THE ALPINE HUNTER'S SONG.

(From the Deliverance of Switzerland.)

By H. C. Deakin, Esq.

The bird is on the wing, and the bee is on the breeze,
The sun is on the hills, and his glory's on the seas;
Up, up, brother, up, up through the piercing air,
To the Alps! to the Alps! for the hunter's horn is there.

'Tis sounding! 'tis sounding!
Echoing—rebounding!
Up, up, brother, up, to the marble wilds of air.

Is thy arrow ready—is thy bosom true and bold?
Is thine eye unquailing, will thy grasp retain its hold!
To the crags!—to the cliffs!—to the precipices, then,
We will hunt—we will slay—tho' we ne'er return again.

Up on high! up on high!
We seek the frozen sky,
We will hunt—we will slay—tho' we ne'er return again.

Hush! hush, brother, hush! from its palaces of pride
The Avalanche will roll—will crush us with a stride;
Hold thy breath!—it is past—yon eagle marks our prey,
Quick! quick, brother, quick! lo! the chamois is at bay.

By the chasm creeping,
How the game is leaping,
Quick! quick, brother, quick! the chamois is at bay.

O'er the ice, and o'er the snow, and o'er the blue crevasse!
By forests overthrown, and by waterfalls we pass,
Hist! hist! 'tis there! he pauses—turns—well done, brother, well!
Down, down he goes, 'midst the snows, down to our Alpine dell.
Follow! follow! follow!
Holloa hark! hark holloa!
Down, down he goes, 'midst the snows, down to our Alpine dell.

LINES

By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

(From *Friendship's Offering* for 1832.)

There is no trace of thee around,
 Beloved ! in this abode ;
 The winds sweep o'er the silent ground
 Where once thy footsteps trod.
 There is no shadow in the glen—
 No echo on the hill—
 The sun that sets, shall rise again,
 And find them lonely still !
 And still the same wild thoughts of glee
 Are bright upon each brow—
 Of all who used to welcome thee,
 Ah ! which remembers now ?
 I gaze and gaze upon each fair
 And young and joyous face,
 Into their undimm'd eyes—but *there*
 No thought of thee I trace.
 Why then to sorrow wakes my soul ?
 Why springs the painful tear ?
 Why muse I sadly on the whole ?—
 I *know* thou hast been here :
 I know thou hast, though nought remains
 To tell thy presence now ;

The sunset beaming through those panes
 Hath lit thine eager brow.

The lonely cypress, murmuring,
 And bending to the breeze—
 (Like my worn heart the one sad thing
 The sunshine cannot please)
 The wooded hill—the clear blue sky—
 The small lake's placid shore—
 All that I look on now, *thine* eye
 Hath watch'd in days of yore.

O'er the smooth path, so trimly kept—
 The sunny shaven green—
 Where I have thought of thee and wept,
 Thy wandering foot hath been.
 And it was once a bliss to be
 In spots where thou hadst rang'd,
 To wander round and dream of thee—
 Ah ! wherefore am I chang'd ?

It is not that my heart hath swerv'd
 From what it ought to be—
 Oh fondly hath that heart preserv'd
 Each little thought of thee !
 It is not that I do not love
 E'en more than I did then :
 But that *thou* never more shalt rove
 Through these sweet scenes again !

Notices of Books.

"STILL PLEASED TO PRAISE, YET NOT AFRAID TO BLAME."

PIN-MONEY. By the Authoress of "*Manners of the Day*." 3 vols. Colburn and Bentley. 1831.

A lady's maid has perpetrated a novel ! Now had this been her first offence, we might have pardoned it ;—*nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*—and one foolish act in the course of a person's life is by no means of rare occurrence. But when the sin is a second time committed—when the Abigail not only dives into her mistress's private matters, not only neglects the important duties of the toilet, but actually has the hardihood to issue, by her publishers, paid puffs in the newspapers, directing public attention to these her shameless derelictions—i'faith, it is time for us to look into the matter, and treat the delinquent with a taste of our literary tread-mill. But how are we acquainted with the nature of her calling ? Why, the novel is published anonymously ; it is fair, therefore, to fix the authorship on whom we please ; and so much affectation, ignorance, and mental vulgarity, are stamped on its every page, that our proverbial discernment at once discovers the source from which it emanates. To begin with the beginning :—The story is built upon the sayings and doings of Sir Brooke and Lady Rawleigh, who are married in the

third chapter, and then—and then—what ? For our lives we cannot discover ; no remarkable subsequent adventure occurs ; they live as most married people do ; little clouds, little sunshine ; and at the termination of three volumes, we leave them in the same happy state of connubial comfort. In fact, Sir Brooke's epitaph has been very aptly written by an old author :

"Here lies a man, who once was born, and cried,
 Lived several years, and then, and then—
 he died."

From such a foundation the reader does not, we presume, expect any very superb superstructure. We can assure him, (or her, as the case may be) that considerable amusement may be found here, notwithstanding. If he have, in the course of his career, laughed at the vagaries of a lady mayoress, dropped by accident into the refined coterie of — House, or any other "exclusive" resort, he will discover infinite occasion and food for mirth. Imagine this *elegant doer* of three volumes octavo, this obsequious utensil of fashionable life, designating a companion to a lady as "a paragon of the toad-eating species," calling Regent's Park "in the antipodes," and cutting such other capers in the face

of heaven as would make angels weep. But the trick which amuses us the most, is that in which the authoress, for some purpose best known to herself (we know that some tradesmen give *vails*), introduces the NAMES of sundry shopkeepers to the public as the purveyors of the *ton*, and abusing others, either by a straight-forward blow, or a side hit. *Voici*: "By the time she had paid her subscription at Ebers, purchased a few canezous at Harding's, replenished her dressing-case at Delcroix, and her writing-box at Houghton's, &c." "I have ordered my dress, and I am satisfied Madame Girardot will give it an *air distingué*." "I drove down, yesterday, to the Strand, to the only shop in London where one is sure of getting real Welch flannel; then I went to Newbury's, in St. Paul's Churchyard, for some pectoral essence of tussilago" (where only, we presume, it can be had genuine.) "Good bye, my dear, as I pass Compton House I shall send you a few silks for your selection." "Martin, who supplies us with oysters?" "Taylor, of Piccadilly, Sir Brooke." "Seated beside her friend, Louisa Everslyne, in the unlucky opera box, with the consciousness of Nardin's hand in the matchless distribution of her curls, and of Storr and Mortimer's supreme art in the arrangement of the emeralds, &c." The authoress also takes occasion to speak of "Gillow's anodyne chairs," "Hoby's faultless boots," "Adam's somniferous barouches," &c. Now all these are, we doubt not, highly respectable tradesmen, but we vow and declare there are many of the above list to whose names we were total strangers, until favoured with an introduction by our friend, Abigail. We grieve, however, to state, that there are a few, in this metropolis, who, from a tardiness of fee-providing, or other cause, do not appear to be altogether in favour. Thus, "the Lady Olivia Tadcaster finally anchored herself upon the history of an Arabesque handle which Mawes' people had broken from her Aldobrandini vase in their *cleanifications*." Now we happen to know that a more careful set of persons do not exist than these, and we hereby protest against Abigail's baseless insinuations. Again: "She was interrupted by the audible energy of Sir Brooke's penmanship. It appeared to her ears that he was unlucky in sputtering and splitting pens more frequently than she had ever found herself in all her experience of Bramah's defects." We unhesitatingly declare, in answer to this, that Bramah's pens are excellent. We have ever found them by many degrees superior to any others, always excepting

DEC. 1831.

Doughty's admirable ruby pen. But it is useless to proceed further on this point of our critique. The writer has, it seems, travelled with her mistress, and taking advantage of the usual license, tells us of "Regularly ordained Church of England divines in Westmoreland, in smock frocks, selling char among the Lakes." As a specimen of the style of this fashionable novelist, we may mention that the hero is described as "rather *creepmousy* for a young man of twenty-eight;" that the Lady Olivia Tadcaster (!) was "the *fussiest* of aunts;" that the authoress likes "good-humoured *gossipry*," but protests against "*bread and butter dances*;" the meaning of the latter appellation we are not allowed to dive into; it forms, we presume, part of the elegant vocabulary of high life. The authoress meets with "a cunning serjeant, baiting his recruiting hook in a village market-place." The heroine is "condemned to listen to a rheumatic old lady's diffuse details of (1) the domestic arrangements of (2) her neighbour's, a Mrs. Scott, a Miss Hunter, and a Mr. Wilson, persons who belonged or (3) a sufficient unpretending degree of (4) life to be within reach of (5) the attractions of (6) her tea-table."

At page 305, vol. 1, we have the following splendid burst:—"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Irony! thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages, patricians and plebeians, rhetoricians and politicians, of the beau monde and the low monde, have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less nauseous on that account. It is thou, *Toadyism*! thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change; no vegetable dye can ebonize thy silver effulgence; no chymic power transmute thy mosaic gold to brass. With thee to smile upon him as he eats his venison, the gouty peer is happier than the robust peasant, whose brown bread repugates thy approach. But again, I say, disguise thyself as thou wilt, still Irony, whether in Blackwood's Magazine or the Court of St. James', still thou art a bitter draught!"

The following conversation occurs between a fashionable gentleman and a fashionable footman in a fashionable square:

"Has Lady Rawleigh been riding, Thomas? Did you hear the groom mention whether the new horse carried her ladyship well?"

"Oh, no, Sir Brooke; my lady has been so taken up at the picture man's, what is painting her ladyship's portrait—"

"Portrait?"

"My lady goes *reg'lar* every day to Regent-street, the French gentleman's, sir."

"Very well, Thomas, that will do; I will ring when I want you."

Abigail! Abigail! Do you, *can* you, wish us to believe that such is the slave a fashionable lady would tolerate? Do you conceive your readers to be so wholly unacquainted with the *haut-ton* as to suppose such a clown would be the drawing-room appendage of quality one instant? But enough of this: the kind feeling and gentlemanly behaviour ever shown us by her respectable publishers have made us lenient. The authoress must not, however, presume too far; we really are generally of an excellent disposition, and happen at this moment to be in a particularly good humour; but as

"— In the loveliest climes

Light breezes will ruffle the waters
sometimes,"

so may she happen to come upon us, on some future day, when we are out of sorts — and then!!

We conclude our review by submitting to her notice the following, among other excellent recommendations, in the National Omnibus of the 18th ult.:

"That certain noble wits should be

Condemned to live in whitewashed
hovels,

And authors whipped of each degree,

Who scribble *fashionable novels*!"

—
THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY—ITALY. By
Charles Macfarlane. 3 vols. London,
1831. Bull.

Neele, the unfortunate Neele, was the first who drew, like Sampson, sweetness from the lion's mouth; or, in other words, who found in the page of History sufficient of the tender and pathetic, to rivet the attention of men of all feelings, habits, and denominations. The iron age of our forefathers was not altogether without softer metal—the human heart beat within *their* bosoms; and the angel tear of sympathy, and the smile of love, were not entire strangers to their habitations. Whether or not the mantle of the above lamented writer has descended on Macfarlane, we shall give our readers an opportunity of judging.

Ottaviano, a young nobleman of Bologna, happened, at the hour of vespers, to enter the church of St. Christina. "There were no instruments," says Mr. Macfarlane, "but a chorus of female voices left nothing to desire in harmony, sweetness, and touching simplicity. As the melodious anthem to the Virgin floated through the church, its Gothic architecture—(a style introduced into Italy about this period)—its lengthening aisles, clustering pillars,

and arched roof, at times prolonged the cadences of the sacred song, and, at others, seemed to condense its notes into one powerful, animating burst of music. But of a sudden the choir ceased, and the voice of one young nun continued the service. Never was anything more exquisite than this voice and this *sola*. There was a delicacy and tenuity in them—a deep, penetrating sweetness, that flooded the inmost soul of all within the church, with sentiments that, though allied to devotion, were languid and luxurious. Every eye was raised to the gallery high above head, where the nun sang like a little bird in the clouds; but no eye with more searching curiosity and emotion than that of Ottaviano, one of the young Bolognese noblemen, and he of the two, as if by some secret presentiment of what was to befall him, who had gone into St. Christina's rather reluctantly.

"Are those tones mortal?—was there ever music like to this?"—were the words he whispered to his companion, as he sought along the gallery the spot whence the *sola* proceeded. But he did not speak again when he had found out the person of the young nun, who was seated apart from the rest, at an open window; and when he saw a face as angelic, at least, as the music that so enraptured him: and his eye became as motionless as his tongue, for he gazed up at that window as if attracted by something more powerful than mortal spell or fascination. An oval face of the most perfect form,—a complexion purely pale, as if (which was almost the fact, for the young Lucia had been brought up from her infancy within the walls of the monastery,) nor wind, nor sun, had ever played upon it; eyes of oriental size and blackness, looking the blacker from her pallid hue, and upraised to heaven as she sang with all her soul; a mouth that would suit a cherub, and sweet as the sounds that warbled from it; a long, lithe, transparent neck and throat, along which her tones were seen to flow like a stream—a continuous stream of melody; an air of extreme youthfulness, and loveliness, and holy simplicity, were the principal of the charms that captivated, at first sight, the susceptible heart of Ottaviano. When the singing of the young nun had ceased, she drew her long black robe and veil about her, and retired from the open window to another part of the gallery. The eyes of Ottaviano were still fixed on her, and he could not be said to see any other object until vespers were finished, and Lucia, with the other nuns, withdrew from the church to the monastery. * * *

"Long before 'jocund day' stood on the

fair hills of Bologna, or the carol of the lark had succeeded the lay of the nightingale, Ottaviano was standing under the gloomy walls of the monastery of St. Christina; and soon as the church doors opened for matins, there was he in the aisle, standing opposite the little gallery, and waiting, with beating heart, to see whether the lovely nun would be again visible or not. And she came, and she placed herself at the same open place as on the eve of yesterday, when she first captured his soul with heavenly music; and she blessed his eyes with a vision of beauty, more exquisite still than that which had never quitted his imagination since the moment of his first seeing her. The young nun, who had just risen from her fragrant peaceful couch, was indeed surpassingly lovely. Her face and brow, from which the coal-black veil was parted, looked paler and purer in the cool light of morning dawn, than they had done in the golden atmosphere of evening; her eyes were blacker and more liquid still, and seemed swimming with the essences of youth, of beauty, of love, or of devotion, which, at certain periods, and in certain persons, does so much resemble love. As her charms beamed on the fixed eyes of Ottaviano, he could have fallen on his knees, even there in the house of God, and worshipped her as something superior to earth's daughters; and so passionate and sexually imaginative was this young man, that his breathing came thick, his sight was troubled, his head was giddy, as he looked up to the gallery and caught, at last, a glance meeting his. So great was his emotion, that he clung for support to one of the pillars of the aisle.

"When he again raised his eyes to the window, the young nun was gone; but the next instant her voice, which was to be henceforward the music of his soul, and never, never forgotten, struck sweetly on his ear, as she sang a prelude to the matins. Heart, soul, every feeling of his nature, was then transferred to Ottaviano's ears, until the notes of that silvery voice were confounded and lost in the general choir of the holy sisterhood. As the matins finished, the fair Lucia again appeared at the front of the gallery: she stayed there all the time of the mass, though to him it seemed only for a moment; and her disappearance with the nuns, who returned to their cells, was, to the lover in the church, as though the sun had left the hemisphere. Coldness, and darkness, and night, fell upon his heart, and he went away immeasurably deep in love, with only one wish in his mind—for the arrival of the moment when his eyes and ears might be again feasted by the young nun. Even in the first ebullition of his passion,

Ottaviano had felt how hopeless it was; but he did not feel how sinful too—to love a nun, a virgin-bride of heaven, until several days after."

It cannot be supposed that the fair adored could be altogether insensible to the passion of her admirer, but alas! she was a nun, and love, although it illumines the Courts of Heaven, is not permitted to pollute the hallowed walls of a convent. She disclosed the state of her heart to a superior sister; and the rigours which she endured in consequence were such as to bring her speedily to the dark and dreary portals of the tomb. In the meanwhile Ottaviano entered the army of the Crusaders.

"In his very first battle, after dealing the blow of death on more than one turbaned head, he was hurled from his horse by a lance, that was not merciful enough to kill him, and left bleeding and motionless on the field of battle, which his comrades were at length obliged to abandon on account of their great disproportion in number to their foe. When he recovered his senses, he found himself a prisoner in the hands of the Mahometans. The Pagan Emir, to whose lot Ottaviano fell, not content with making the hapless young man *his* slave, insisted on making him the slave of sin—a renegado to his Christian faith. When the seduction of promises the most brilliant, the offer of his own fair daughter's hand, were exhausted without producing any effect on the captive, the Emir had recourse to ill-treatment, to constant insult, and finally to torture, which was borne with a spirit worthy of a martyr's crown! But the firmest may be bent—the boldest of heart may doubt the strength of the body to bear; and, one day that the unfortunate Ottaviano lay under the hands of Nubian slaves, black and cruel as fiends—at a moment when he felt his spirit giving way to the weakness of humanity, and the excruciating torments he was enduring—he raised his blood-shot eyes and prayed. 'Oh! saint-like virgin! Oh! chaste Lucia! if thou still livest, sustain by thy prayers him who has so much loved thee! If thou art already in heaven, oh! implore for me the pity of my God, whom my soul will never abandon!'

"Scarcely had he pronounced these devout words, when to the heat of the flame, and the searing iron,—to the puncture of the dagger point, the wrench of the wheel, and all the inflictions of torture, he became at once insensible, and fell into a profound sweet sleep. When he awoke he was no longer in the 'Paynim countrie,' but in Italy, in his native city; the Emir's chains hung heavily on his neck, his arms, his legs; not the Nubians had disappeared;

and his own Lucia, resplendent with glory and beauty, stood over him, and pointed with one of her transparent hands to the Monastery of Saint Christina, whose walls were close to him. 'Lucia!' cried the bewildered, enraptured lover; 'my Lucia! is it thou? Dost thou still live?'

"'I live; but of the true life; the life which has no end!' said the dazzling vision. 'Go! and depose thy fetters there, on my tomb! and render thanks to God for the grace he has granted thee!' The phantom disappeared with these words, that were succeeded by the softest, the most exquisite music, which Ottaviano remembered to be the same as the vesper-hymn he had heard Lucia sing in the gallery of the church at the fatal moment of his first enamourment. But the notes were more tenuous than then, and soon died away, like the echo of a zephyr, in the blue heavens, high, high above the walls of the monastery.

"On inquiry, it was ascertained that the young nun, who had the merit of attempting it, had not the strength to triumph over the love with which the youth in the aisle had inspired her. From the moment that the window in the gallery was closed and she saw him no more, her spirits and her health declined, and she had expired on the very day that her lover quitted Europe; perhaps at the very moment that, sailing from Venice, touched to the heart's inmost core by the Ave Maris, he wept over the past and his recollections of her.

"Where Ottaviano, in obedience to his mistress's shade, deposed his chains, he himself was afterwards laid; for, the severity of the monastic regulations being for once relaxed, a grave was opened near Lucia's, and the Crusader and the Nun slept side by side in the cemetery of Saint Christina."

—
DR. LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.—
Useful Arts—Silk Manufactory. Longman and Co. London, 1831.

This is a very well written, and we have no doubt a very useful little volume, though there are, necessarily, many opinions contained in it, with which we cannot pretend to be very conversant. It commences with a history of silk, we may almost say of the silk-worm; of the various modes which in earlier times existed of manufacturing the former, and of managing the latter. Then comes the culture of the mulberry-tree; and a minute description of the silk-worm, with the various modes of rearing them in China and in Europe. This portion of the work is followed by a treatise on the present manufacture of silk, such as reeling,

throwing, weaving in all its details, &c.; and the volume concludes with an account of the chemical, medical, and electric properties of silk. It is curious and amusing to trace the gradual rise and progress of an art now in such general estimation; and we can assure our readers, that they will be very much gratified with many portions of the work, particularly with those which relate to the cultivation and manner of treatment of those invaluable little insects, which are so important to the commerce of many countries, and with which so many of us have amused ourselves in early life.

—
CABINET CYCLOPEDIA. *Useful Arts—Manufactures in Metal.*—Vol. I. Iron and Steel. Longman and Co. London, 1831.

This portion of Dr. Lardner's work contains a treatise on the progressive improvement and present state of the manufactures in metal; and we cannot say more in favour of such a treatise than by reminding our readers, in the words of the motto to the work, that "these are the arts which keep the mass of the people in useful action, and their minds engaged upon inventions beneficial to the whole community; and this is the grand preservative against that barbarism and brutality, which ever attend an indolent and inactive stupidity. The due cultivation, therefore, of practical manual arts in a nation, has a greater tendency to polish and humanize mankind, than mere speculative science, however refined and sublime it may be."

—
CORN LAW RHYMES. Steill, London, 1831. The third edition of this little volume has reached us, but its merits and defects have been so often brought before the public, that a review of the "Rhymes" now would be almost impertinent. There is, however, one piece to which we must point, and that too with peculiar satisfaction—we allude to the poem on the death of a child at sea, which we confess pleases us far more than any other in the collection—it is simple, eloquent, and touching.

—
ABRIDGMENT OF THE NEW GAME LAWS, with Observations and Suggestions for their Improvement. By Lt.-Col. P. Hawker. London. Longman and Co. 1831.

This little pamphlet is brought out as an "Appendix" to the Sixth Edition of the well known "Instructions to Young Sportsmen;" and begins with a compliment to Lord Althorp, for getting rid of the "diabolical Old Game Laws." Col. Hawker then proceeds to point out many of the Statutes which are good, and others that are open to amendment; and, after recapitulating

relating some original suggestions of his own, he gives a brief epitome of the old Statutes repealed; an outline of those Laws which still remain in force; and concludes with a clear Abridgment of the New Act, accompanied with some useful explanations.

There, gentle reader, is a review, the neatness and merciful kindness of which you must, perforce, admire. Its impartiality you will not doubt when we tell thee it is *THE AUTHOR'S OWN, sent with the work*, and has relieved us from those painful throes which we always experience in the performance of a certain duty. Col. H. is now answerable for the consequences of the above.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING FOR 1832. Smith, Elder, and Co. (Second notice.)

We refer again to this delightful annual, only to give the following specimen (among others equally deserving) of its poetic merits.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN A CATHEDRAL.

By T. K. Hervey.

How loud, amid these silent aisles,
My quiet footstep falls,—
Where words, like ancient chronicles,
Are scattered o'er the walls:
A thousand phantoms seem to rise
Beneath my lightest tread,
And echoes bring me back replies
From homes that hold the dead!
Death's harvest of a thousand years
Have here been gathered in—
The vintage where the wine was tears,
The labourer was Sin;—
The loftiest passions and the least
Lie sleeping, side by side,
And love hath reared its staff of rest
Beside the grave of pride!
Alike o'er each—alike o'er all
Their lone memorials wave;
The banner on the sculptured wall,
The thistle o'er the grave,
Each, herald-like, proclaims the style
And bearings of its dead,
But hangs one moral, all the while,
Above each slumbering head!
And the breeze, like an ancient bard, comes
by,
And touches the solemn chords
Of the harp which death has hung on high,
And fancy weaves the words;
Songs that have one unvaried tone,
Though they sing of many an age,
And tales, to which each graven stone
Is but the title-page!
The warrior here hath sheathed his sword,
The poet crushed his lyre,
The miser left his counted hoard,
The chemist quenched his fire;

The maiden never more steals forth
To hear her lover's lute,
And all the trumpets of the earth
In the soldier's ear are mute!

Here the pilgrim of the hoary head
Has flung his crutch aside,
And the young man gained the bridal-bed
Where death is the young man's bride;
The mother is here whom a weary track
Led sorrowing to the tomb,
And the babe whose path from heaven, back,
Was but its mother's womb!

The moonlight sits, with her sad sweet
smile,
O'er the heedless painter's rest;
And the organ rings through the vaulted
aisle,

But it stirs not the minstrel's breast!—
The mariner has no wish to roam
From his safe and silent shore,
And the weeping in the mourner's home
Is hushed for evermore!

My heart is as an infant's still,
Though mine eyes are dim with tears;
I have this hour no fear of ill,
No grief for vanished years!—
Once more, for this wild world I set
My solitary bark,
But—like those sleepers—I shall yet
Go up into that ark!

THE COMIC OFFERING. Edited by Miss Sheridan. (Second notice.)

In our last we promised to give an extract from this elegant and amusing Annual. We are now enabled to present our readers with the following production, by the author of "Absurdities:"

PLAINT OF THE OLD MAN.

Some boast of their fore-fathers—I—
I have not one!
I am, I think (like Joshua),
The son of none!

Heedless in youth, we little note
How quick time passes,
For then flows ruby-wine—not sand
In our glasses!

Rich friends (most poor in honour) all have
fled

Sooner or later;
Psha!—had they India's ~~succor~~, they'd
not be

A nutmeg greater!

I've neither chick nor child, as I have no-
thing, why

'Tis lucky rather;
Yet who that hears a squalling babe that
wishes not to be

A little farther?

Some few years back my spirits and my youth

Were quite amazing ;
Brisk as a poney—or a lawyer's clerk
Just fresh from *Gray's-Inn* !

What am I now ?—weak, old, and poor,
and by

The parish found ;
Their *pence* keep me, while many an Ass
enjoys

The parish pound !

CONTINENTAL ANNUAL FOR 1832. *Illustrated from Drawings by Samuel Prout, Esq. F.S.A.* Smith, Elder & Co.

This is decidedly the best of the *Land-scape Annuals*. The talents of the artist by whom it is illustrated have never been questioned ; and the engravers, with one or two exceptions, have done ample justice to the original drawings. The Frontispiece, engraved by Wm. Lloyd, deserves the highest praise, and had neither the name of the painter or that of the engraver been previously enrolled among the first in their profession, this plate would have been sufficient to have established both. The View in Nuremberg (E. J. Roberts) is good. The peep into the adjoining street is a happy illusion, on which the eye rests with much pleasure. That in Metz (T. Barber), we notice as one well chosen. It combines the magnificence of a Gothic building with a number of ancient and richly-ornamented dwellings, to which the hand of Time has added many natural beauties. *Porta Nigra* (E. J. Roberts) is a fine specimen of Roman greatness, and the still serenity of the heavens gives additional solemnity to the spot. The Port and Lake of Como (T. Barber) is on a grand scale, without any thing little or common-place: nature and art are both seen to advantage. "The City and Bridge of Dresden," (J. T. Willmore), displays an exquisite softness and delicacy of execution which, together with the beauty of the landscape, render this plate one of the most charming productions we have seen. In the remaining plates, the engravers have embraced the opportunity afforded them by the painter of displaying their talents to considerable advantage. Their merits, however, are so nearly balanced, that it is scarcely requisite for us to dwell upon them separately ; and we have little doubt that each individual will select some one according to his particular taste, while the *tout ensemble* will give general satisfaction. It is true, that a want of variety in the choice of subjects is visible in this volume, but this defect is entirely counterbalanced by the superior taste and skill of the artists.

The Literature, if not equal to that of some of the other *Annuals*, is by no means inferior to that of either "The *Land-scape*" or "Picturesque."

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE. By Eyre Evans Crowe. Vol. III. London. 1881. Longman and Co.

The volume before us concludes this part of Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, and, if we except the occasional display of the cloven foot in the Whiggish deductions of the author, is a comparatively impartial, and, in the greater portion of its pages, a very well written work. This last volume, however, is rather a history of Buonaparte than of the kingdom, inasmuch as it commences with the convention of 1792, and concludes with the abdication of Napoleon, on the 11th of April, 1814. Surely it would have been but common justice to his original subscribers, had Mr. Crowe continued his historical details to the present time. Purchasers from the first volume must be extremely disappointed to find that, having expended fifteen shillings for a "History of France," they are now not one jot better informed than they had previously been from a work of a similar nature purchased in 1815. We deem it our duty to call on Mr. Crowe for some explanation on this head, or we shall take occasion to express our opinion rather more plainly. We conclude with the following extracts. Let the bigotted adherents who still fondly cling to the memory of a wholesale murderer peruse the first.

"It was a few days after the battle of Novi that Bonaparte left Egypt to return to France. In the spring the Turks had menaced him with two armies—one from Syria. This, with his usual promptitude, he marched in February to anticipate, crossing the Desert, and penetrating without opposition into Syria. Jaffa he took by storm. A part of the garrison had retreated into large habitations, and prepared for an obstinate defence. The general's aide-de-camp promised them quarter, upon which they laid down their arms. The countenance of Bonaparte fell, on beholding this long train of prisoners. 'What should I do with them ?' exclaimed he in anger to the aide-de-camp. He had not provisions for his own troops. To retain prisoners was impossible. To set them free was to place so many enemies on his flank. Yet this last should have been nobly resolved on. Bonaparte hesitated. But on the third day the prisoners were marched out, to the number of several thousands, to the beach, and shot in cold blood, some few escaping who swam out to sea. The soldiers made signs

of reconciliation to these wretched men, induced them to approach the shore, and there mercilessly shot and slew them. This last act strikes us as one of the greatest blots on the character of French soldiers. The general might plead necessity. But here the soldier, of his free will and caprice, emulated all the atrocity of the Parisian Septembrisers."

The following is a well drawn picture of the horrors of the revolution of 1793.

"In this time of frenzy, every actor—and who was not an actor in the popular scene?—was seized with a desire to show his energy. He who could not cut down a foreign foe, had rather strike his neighbour than allow his arm to be idle. The passionate were impelled to cruelty from a vague desire to gratify an impulse of activity and rage; the timid imitated and oft out-ranted them, that they might not be taken for victims. There was no medium possible, no neutral ground betwixt the slaughterers and slaughtered. To look on was to perish. And few there were who, when offered the alternative, had the courage to choose with Condorcet—

"Ils m'ont dit, Choisis d'être oppresseur ou victime;

J'embrassai le malheur, et leur laissai le crime."

Such was the frenzy that now clamoured for blood: for, be it remarked, it was not as yet the solitary tyrant Robespierre, that singled out his victims; but in a great measure a populace, that, like the Roman rabble collected round their sanguinary games, enjoyed the savage sport, and turned their thumbs, spilling blood in the mere and heartless exuberance of delight.

"It was now that the revolutionary tribunal was organised to work with arbitrariness and despatch. The sections petitioned for the judgment of the Girondists. Domiciliary visits took place in search of the suspected, and the prisons were filled in consequence. General Custine was the first victim of the terror; he was guillotined on the last day of August. The unfortunate Marie Antoinette was the next. By a refinement of cruelty, she had been separated from her son, and the young prince intrusted to the tutelage of a cobbler named Simon, who treated him with barbarous severity. The queen herself was transferred from the Temple to a common malefactor's dungeon in the Conciergerie, where she remained two months. Brought before the tribunal, she heard with dignity and resignation the usual list of crimes laid to her charge, until the deposition of Hebert pronounced new and unheard-of horrors. The cobbler Simon, forsooth, had dis-

covered vicious practices in young Louis; he induced the prince to confess, or to sign a confession, to the purpose that his mother and aunt had initiated him in guilt. Marie Antoniette disdained to make reply; but when pressed by her accusers, exclaimed, 'I appeal to all the mothers that hear me.' Although none save the furies of the day were in the audience, Hebert feared to rouse up even their shame and pity; and the queen underwent condemnation without further torture. On the 16th of October, she was conducted, in a common cart, her hands tied behind her, to the place of execution, the mob saluting her funeral procession with shouts of exultation. The view of the Thuilleries caused her but a moment's emotion. She died with courage. Who is there that cannot supply his own fit and sad reflections on her fate?

"Next came the turn of the Girondists to appear before the fatal tribunal. Twenty-one of their members remained in prison since the 2d of June; of these the chiefs were Vergniaud, Brissot, Valazé, Gensonné, Lasource, Fonfrede. Their trial was, of course, but the mockery of justice. Chabot and Fabre d'Eglantine appeared as witnesses, and uttered, without fear of contradiction, whatever circumstances of conspiracy or crime their imaginations could suggest. The eloquence of Vergniaud, although he had been too careless to prepare a defence, here exerted for the last time, shook the judges, and melted the auditors. A decree of the convention instantly stopped the pleadings, and ordered the court to proceed to pass sentence: it was death. The victims hailed the fate, which they had foreseen, with a verse of the Marseillois hymn, originally applied to the enemies of freedom, now but too applicable to its friends. Valaze, at the moment, pierced himself with a poignard, and fell dead; Vergniaud, more heroic, flung away a box of poison, in order to die with his friends. They were executed on the morrow, showing in death that firmness which, had it been displayed in the acts of their political life, would have at least saved their memory from reprobation, and most probably insured them a glorious and successful career. Those who think that the stern law of retaliation is or should be applied to human fortunes, will say they merited their fate; will argue that those who stirred the mob to the insurrection of the 20th of June, 1792, and who looked on at that of the 10th of August, deserved to be overthrown by the same force in June, 1795; and that those who in timidity voted the death of Louis XVI. might expect to find in their judges a similar sacrifice of justice and mercy to cowardly expediency.

"Soon after her political friends, the wife of Roland perished on the same scaffold. 'O Liberty!' said she, addressing in her dying breath the statue so called, and placed with melancholy irony to preside over the place of execution,—'O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!' Her husband, on learning her death, stabbed himself. Others of the Gironde were taken at Bordeaux, by this time reduced. Tallien, the pro-consul, caused several to be executed amidst the wide proscription and slaughter of their partisans. But space is wanting to enumerate the victims of even this early epoch, when heads fell as yet singly, or but a score at a time, beneath the guillotine. Bailly, however, must not be forgotten; Bailly, the idolised mayor of Paris, whom, by a refinement of cruelty, the mob employed, on the day of his execution, in displacing and dragging his gibbet from one place to another. The old man, as he awaited the executioner, was seen to tremble under his many years and the winter's day. 'You tremble, Bailly,' sneered one of his guards. 'Tis from cold,' replied the aged man. The duke of Orleans, Egalité, perished also at this epoch. Not all his ferocity, intrigue and baseness, could save him. He too died firmly, hardened in apathy and crime. Death-blows were dealt around so thickly, that those subject to them gathered courage, like soldiers exposed to the fire of battle. Innocent and guilty braved alike the guillotine with carelessness: some even courted it. Distant spectators, however, shuddered. Terror penetrated into every domicile, and came as a moral medicine to neutralise and arrest that thirst of liberty, the excess of which had produced all these ills.

"If the pen shrinks from describing, except by a few strokes, the wholesale murders of the capital, how shall it attempt to portray the massacres in the provinces? If in Paris some discrimination was used, some form observed; in the departments the proconsuls of the convention dispensed with all. Nor could re-action, vengeance, or security be given as the pretexts; for in the department of the north, where neither resistance nor federation had been manifested, the proscriptions were no less sweeping and severe. The Terrorists who punished the south were not more cruel, and scarcely shed more blood, than Joseph Lebon, in the pure spirit of ferocity, spilled at Arras. At Bordeaux the scaffolds streamed, and were still supplied by the agency of Tallien. Marseilles underwent the same fate. The inhabitants of Toulon, to escape decimation, had yielded to the English, and were now besieged. Lyons had been invested since

the month of August; and after suffering bombardment and famine, at length, on the 9th of October, surrendered. A decree of the convention instantly decreed that Lyons should be destroyed, and all those inhabitants, who had taken arms, guillotined. Couthon, and after him Collot d'Herbois, a comedian, often hissed on the stage of Lyons, undertook to execute this decree. They began employing the revolutionary army to destroy the houses with pickaxes, and by decapitating the population with the guillotine. Both means were found too tedious. Mines of gunpowder were therefore employed to blow up the most beautiful streets; and the victims, crowded in one of the public squares, were fired at, lacerated, and destroyed, by grape shot. Six thousand were said to have perished. Their bodies choked up the Rhone, which flung them up upon its banks, and obliged Collot d'Herbois, in dread of pestilence, to bury them."

—
THE BOUQUET FOR 1832. Robinson, London, 1831.

This annual, as its title-page announces, is a collection of tales, essays, and poems, intended for the gratification of those of our friends who are fond of light and amusing literature. In such a collection, where so much time is allowed for choice, the public have a right to look for something good; and among the selections in the volume before us, there is that sort of agreeable medley calculated either to enliven gaiety, or to relieve the tedium of a dull hour. The editor has reverted frequently to the choice spirits of Blackwood, and to Sharpe's late magazine; but we rather laugh, as we presume he must have done while penning it, at the serious manner in which he confesses the benefits he has derived from culling from the pages of the Royal Ladies' Magazine. From our slight knowledge of that work it appears to us that he has only taken two short pieces by "Incognita," from its contents. We suppose, perhaps erroneously, with a friendly intention of puffing the poor "Royal"—

"That Mag. that once through Sams's shop,
The soul of puff'ry shed," &c.

(Vide page 300, of our Editor's Council Chamber.)

Be this as it may, however, the work is well got up, and deserves patronage. The prints are some of them original, and some not; but they are all tolerably fair. Of the literary portion we would recommend "Katie Cheyne," and "The Splendid Annual."

THE CABINET; or, *The Selected Beauties of Literature*. Edited by J. Aithin, Esq. Edinburgh. Constable and Co.

This is a judicious selection of the best passages in our "thousand and one" volumes of periodical literature. The editor has prefixed to the work a poetical dedication to his children, in which the fire of the poet and the tenderness of the father form a charming combination. It is a matter of regret that he has not enriched his volume with other pieces from his own hand. We were much pleased to find in these selections, passages from the works of our American brethren; the literature of the United States is rising so very rapidly, that it will soon rival the established fame of the mother-country; at this side of the Atlantic it has not obtained celebrity proportionate to its merits; this the Americans attribute to the English spirit of jealousy, displaying itself in literature as well as commerce; but our countrymen are not influenced by such unworthy motives, and will, we are sure, honour the American gems in this delightful volume as readily as the productions of their own writers.

To those who have not wealth and leisure to purchase and peruse all the Annuals and Magazines, this publication will be highly valuable. Indeed it gives a fairer and better view of the present state of English literature than could be obtained from all the periodicals combined, for it has separated the wheat from the chaff, and the editor has gathered none but the best grains into his garner.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S ACCOUNT BOOK FOR 1832. Dunn and Son, Fleet Street.

On referring to the pages of our number for January last, we find we have already spoken in terms of the highest praise of this extremely useful compilation. What can we say more, than recommend it for the current year.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR FOR 1832. Longman and Co. London. 1831.

This Annual is edited by Mr. Alaric Watts, and the well-known neatness of his style, backed by his good taste, must be received, in the first instance, as a favourable introduction; but beyond that we may say, and fairly too, that the volume possesses considerable merit—that the *tout-ensemble* is captivating, and that it boasts all the requisites of an Annual—literature which will not only amuse for the present, but such as will bear a frequent re-perusal. In the words of the motto,

"It has a song of war for knight;
Lay of love for lady bright;
Fairy tale to lull the heir;
Goblin grim the maids to scare."

And beyond this it contains, too, satire and wit. The plates are, some of them, extremely good, and all far beyond mediocrity.

"The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir," "Framlingham, a Narrative of the Castle," and some other notices, are inevitably postponed until our next.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.

The performances at this theatre have been extremely varied and excellent during the past month—in the operatic department especially. The greatest novelty on the list was the production of an opera, entitled *Love Charm, or the Village Coquette*, for the first time in this country; the music by Auber. It was a very pretty affair, and played, in many respects, with great spirit. The principal characters were sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Phillips, and Seguin, for the first time at this house; but notwithstanding their united endeavours, in this instance, either through the want of ability on their parts, or want of merit in the music, or the want of taste in the audience, it proved but moderately attractive. For this we are extremely sorry, as, in our judgment, the piece was vastly pleasing, and worthy of real commendation. Wood, though unequally, exerted himself very
DEC. 1831.

meritoriously, and displayed tact and a *naïveté* that we had deemed him incapable of summoning to the advantage of his part. Mrs. Wood altogether appeared to forget the character of the music she had to deliver, by exercising, as usual, to a terrible degree, her strong *penchant* for execution and inappropriate display; and to this circumstance, perhaps, more than to any other, may the want of success in the piece be attributed. The airs of the opera, in good keeping with the nature of the subject, are, for the most part, of a simple, plaintive character, a beauty "which needs not the foreign aid of ornament;" but in defiance of all that is correct and proper in such a matter, Mrs. Wood prefers an exhibition of the most intricate passages, so that not unfrequently the rhythm of the air is entirely lost, and a simple ballad converted into a vigorous bravura. To shew how far Mrs. Wood is wedded to her love of display, we

need merely advert to a circumstance that occurred on the first night of the production of this piece; when, to our great astonishment, we heard her, addressing herself to the orchestra, requesting the band, during the progress of the opera, to wait for her at a particular passage, just that she might have the opportunity, we presume, of taking the usual towering flight and the usual chromatic glide—of throwing a portion of the audience into a fit of astonishment, and the musician into a fit of laughter. Bishop, however, who was directing, we were happy to find, heeded not the impertinent request, but “pursued the even tenour of his way,” and performed his duty unconcerned. The advice of Hamlet to the players might well be applied to Mrs. Wood. If she would just sing simply that which the composer has noted down for her, she would triumph far more than she does at present. Poor Weber, on his coming to this country, was deeply distressed at the manner in which his music was executed. Had Auber been here the week before last, we think he must have gone frantic at the strange and inappropriate passages and embellishments introduced into this opera. Phillips acted with extraordinary quaintness and humour, and sang delightfully. Seguin was quite at home, and met with a very favourable reception. In addition to this opera, *Artaxerxes* and *Massaniello* have been produced, in the former of which Miss Pearson was very successful as the *Prince*, and Mrs. Wood quite in her proper element in *Mandane*. In the latter, Wood played the hero, and shewed himself to great disadvantage, the greater part of his songs being sung abominably; the inhaling of his breath, which we have before alluded to, was ugly in the extreme, and worse than ever. The part of *Fenella* was played by Miss Kenneth in a most interesting manner. It must be the perfection of dumb movement that can so completely awaken the sympathy of an audience, as to call forth “the unbidden tear.” The effect produced was striking; and although we have seen the beautiful sylph-like movement of Madame Alexandrine in the same part, according to our judgment with our English taste strong upon us, we must say we preferred the intense feeling displayed in every movement by our own countrywoman to the agility of the fair Parisian. When we spoke so highly of Miss Kenneth’s success in our last number, we little thought we should have seen her in a part like the present; but the beautiful manner in which she has supported it, gives another proof of her striking versatility of talent. *Charles the*

Twelfth has been played with a new cast; Wallack enacting Liston’s part of *Adam Brock* with great discrimination, and Miss Pearson sang so sweetly as *Endiza*, as to be warmly encored in “*Rise gentle Moon*,” The same lady, a few evenings since, sang “the Echo song,” in better style than we ever remember to have heard it. The *Marriage of Figaro* introduced to the public a Miss Mayhew, as the *Countess*; and admirably did she succeed, being encored, with Mrs. Wood, in the “*Sul l’arice*” duet. Her person is elegant, and deportment ladylike; and she appears to have an excellent knowledge of stage tact. Her voice is not of the very first quality, but in many parts is sweet in the extreme. She is reported to be a pupil of Madame Pasta. As *Elvira Massaniello*, she was very successful. *Lionel* and *Clarissa* was revived on the 26th ult., but it was “heavy, stale, and unprofitable,” and we do not think will continue long on the bills. The *Beggar’s Opera* and the *Slave* have both gone off with spirit. The *Lion* piece continues to attract three nights a week at present, but it will almost immediately be withdrawn to make way for the new pantomimic preparations for Christmas. Altogether the month has proved a most spirited one, and afforded the highest satisfaction. The managers are certainly entitled to the greatest praise, and we trust they will meet with a corresponding success. A grand treat is in store for the lovers of music, in the intended production next Saturday, of *The Barber of Seville*, with the whole of the original music, in which Phillips will play *Figaro*, and Seguin, *Dr. Bartolo*. A new musical drama and several other novelties are in active preparation. The erection on the new colonade, on the north side of the house, adds much to its appearance; and to company frequenting the private boxes, is a great additional comfort.

COVENT GARDEN.

Fra Diavolo, or the Inn at Tarracina, is an old acquaintance, produced, for the first time, in the whole of his original garb. Scribe Delavigne, &c. and Auber, Bellini, and Rossini, are very ill-used personages, for our minors seize the words of the one, and the music of the others, alter and disfigure them to suit the convenience of their respective establishments, without the least regard to the feelings of the “sensitive race,” who make rhymes and rondeaus. The *Fra Diavolo* of Covent Garden bears but small resemblance to the gentleman of the same name who figured last season at Drury, although this is, as that was, almost a literal traduction of the French original.

Our readers have heard of the performance of the tragedy of *Hamlet*, the part of *Hamlet* to be omitted by particular desire; and so Alexander Lee omitted the music (but put in some of his own), which is the only good portion of the Drama. Braham made the most of his five feet two inches of corpulency; but Wallack has blinded the public eye to any perfection but his own, in the personation of a reckless rover. Miss Romer, on whom the weight of the Opera rested, is a clever girl, and a good singer; but she is not great, and gives no indication of ever becoming so. Every thing may be hoped from talented timidity—very little from overweening confidence. The young lady sang and walked, and looked as if she knew she was delighting us. Miss Cawse played a Countess very prettily, and sang charmingly. Mr. G. Penson, as a foolish lord, failed. Wilson has but little to do. The melodies are very meagre; but by the aid of elaborate accompaniments they produce effect, but rather to astonish than delight. Nothing in the whole opera (save some passages, and the general character of the overture), lingers on the ear. Braham acted better than he sang; his appearance in the brigand's dress was unfavourably contrasted with the Herculean forms of Stansbury and Reynoldson, who looked very like some of Eastlake's conceptions. Two such fellows coming through an Italian dell, might well scare half a dozen peasants, and a troop of them would alarm any marquisate in existence.

A new farce, from the pen of Kenny, entitled the *Irish Ambassador*, has been brought forward with success. The business of the piece grows out of the mistake made by certain members of the *corps dramatique* at the court of a German prince, who encounter Sir Patrick O'Plenipo, a gentleman sent out from this country to verify fashions preparatory to the giving of a splendid fancy ball, and mistake him for one of themselves. The daily critics were too dull to understand exactly how this was brought about, a fact little to their credit, and which we deem the more reprehensible in them, as we found ourselves in the same predicament, and had hoped to catch from their discernment what had escaped our own. We believe such was the case with a good many of the audience, and they shared by sympathy the astounding embarrassments which, from time to time, assailed the unintentionally offending, and the unexpectedly happy, Sir Patrick. The drollery of Power, however, gave them a fair excuse for mirth, of which they most unsparingly availed themselves, and laughter and applause prevailed, from the rising to the

final descent of the curtain. The dialogue, always neat and appropriate, was frequently full of point and humour; and the acting, though "the pull," in the elegant language of the stage, was on the favourite we have mentioned, was throughout uncommonly equal and uncommonly good. Bartley, as an experienced old diplomatist, was quite at home; and F. Matthews exhibited a good deal of tact and quiet humour. Miss Taylor and Miss E. Tree made the most of the female characters, and there is every prospect of the piece becoming a favourite.

The Musical Drama of *Brother and Sister* has been brought out here with effect, the interesting and ladylike Miss Inverarity sustaining the principal character, and, together with Wilson, singing delightfully.

Our anticipations are greatly raised by the announcement, for next Thursday, of *Artaxerxes* at this house, in which a Miss Sheriff, a pupil of Mr. T. Welsh, is to make her first appearance as *Mandane*. Report speaks most favourably of her talents as a singer, and the musical world are quite on the *qui vive* for her debut. The other characters will be—*Artaxerxes*, Miss H. Cawse; *Arbaces*, Wilson; *Artabanes*, Braham—it must be confessed a truly powerful cast.

— ADELPHI.

A low piece of *Buffon-ery* has recently been produced at this house, avowedly as a burlesque on the lion piece at Drury Lane, and the whole of the leading members of the establishment (with one exception) have been converted into four-footed animals, for the purpose of shewing how much vulgarity, paltry rancour, and spleen, the refined taste of the management can contrive to exhibit towards the annihilation of all that the stage has now left of character. Our readers will wonder that we should descend to notice such rubbish (and we must confess we feel the deepest regret in being impelled, in the honest discharge of our duty, to dwell with severity, where it would be our sincerest pleasure to "ring the changes in the deepest praise"), but the adulation of a certain degraded portion of the press, the admiring plaudits of crowded audiences, and the complete success which has attended this production, render it imperative on all who have the least regard for the interests of the drama, to denounce so gross a degradation in terms the most decided and reprobatory. The time has been, in this very house, confined though it is in space and capability, when we have been delighted with the performance of comedies and dramas, in the highest degree sensible and meritorious. It

was at no great distance of time since we have been delighted with the exquisite delineations of original character by Mathews, Terry, and other sterling actors, and have found purity of sentiment, elegance of language, and refinement of taste—comedies faithfully to depict the varied movements and impulses of every station, high or low, in existence—vices to be execrated—virtues to be approved—honesty to be rewarded—fraud to be visited with its due meed of punishment. These were the times when the stage held its moral influence—when the conduct of every day life was exhibited to the soul's profit, and the heart, touched by the genial influence of talent and skilfully wrought delusion, derived its purification and health, instead of its contamination and immorality, from a theatre. But, of late years, Messrs. Mathews and Yates, together with others of minor importance, have striven to their utmost to merit censure, and to bring the drama into the lowest possible repute. They were making their fortunes rapidly, their houses were fully attended, and the highest possible praise, at all hands, rewarded their exertions in the *correct* path: why, then, should they have forsaken it? why have pandered to the taste of the vulgar, and fostered subjects congenial only to the minds of the vicious. Our strictures are severe, but are they unwarranted? Why has Mathews forsaken the stage and given his friends the unpleasantness of acknowledging that a life of idleness is apparently of far greater importance to him than the character of that profession which has well carried him to the summit of popularity, respect, and comfort. The sensible portion of the public, we think, have a right to complain, and we are assured that the day will arrive when the managers themselves will deeply rue their folly. We constantly find the Adelphi the subject of praise in the daily prints, to the disparagement of the major theatres; nay, even the very subject which more immediately has called forth our present, indeed honest vituperation, has been roundly and loudly extolled; and yet, in this little nutshell of a house, more harm has been done to the true interests of the drama than all the other "thousand and one" Thespian establishments in the metropolis. Where was it, to say nothing of the interminable list of other vulgarities and absurdities, that the uproarious Tom and Jerry mania first found an existence? where that the vices and depravities of a felon's career have been nurtured for the public gaze? where that the uninitiated in crime have been absolutely taught to employ the means that

leads to it? where is it that the interior of Newgate, with all its obscenities, has been displayed, with the most cool unconcern, as the subjects for mirth and entertainment? At the Adelphi! Who will deny that, independently of the want of taste, and the destruction to the real interests of the stage, exhibited by such scenes, no demoralizing influence is imparted to an audience? Though, for argument's sake, it be granted that a great portion of the visitors are possessed of too much good principle to be corrupted by such representations, be it remembered that there are always those in an audience who possess not sufficient discrimination to guard them from such demoralizing effects, and, at all events, that that which the eye of the sagest of us is continually accustomed to see, and the ear to dwell upon, in time gains a hold on the senses, and, either in the shape of good or evil, works its way to the destruction of our better judgment as a fashion, disgusting to behold at first, becomes, from habit, the object of our enthusiasm. We might here prosecute our subject, and draw out inferences and rational argument to an infinite length, to shew the mischief so shamelessly, but effectively, accomplished to the drama from the frequent repetition of improper pieces on the boards, though their very absurdity, at first view, would appear sufficient to disarm them altogether of their pernicious influence, but for the present, our limits, unfortunately, being confined, we must be brief in concluding it, and advert more particularly to the production which calls forth our remarks. We have never been partial to the introduction of animals on the boards, but, on the contrary, are certainly fully impressed with the feeling, that theatres are much degraded by their presence. Yet an argument *will* hold in their favour, it must be acknowledged, when the taste of a public leads it to patronize a folly and discard an intellectual feast. Macready, Young, Kemble, &c. &c., the former, indued with talent, force, and energy, and embodying the loftiest conceptions of character, drawn by him "who was not for an age, but for all time," fail to enable a manager to pay his expences, and yet with a troop of lions, leopards, baboons, &c. &c. on the same arena, and a *quantum suff.* of pageantry, his houses overflow. Who, under such circumstances, can blame the adoption of the only course that can save from ruin? The public have NO RIGHT TO COMPLAIN! But to what source shall be ascribed the cause of this lamentable evil—this sad stigma on our dramatic character? Why, to the *originators* of such folly!—to

those who began the pernicious system—to those who have excited, fostered, and encouraged a depraved taste, which has, by familiar acquaintance, fashion, and custom, become as much a matter of general and devoted impulse, as our forefathers, (happy, happy souls!) with all their talked-of want of refinement, exhibited towards rational, sensible, and intellectual entertainment. The Drury Lane management have, in their own defence, introduced animals on the stage, with recent example before them, which, according to their anticipations, has proved wondrously attractive, and immediately the immaculate Adelphi, the originator of all the mischief, sets itself up as the pungent satirist—the quizzical expositor of the follies of the day—the Adelphi, who, little better than a twelve-month ago, nearly choked up the whole of its stage by the introduction, in the first play, (not as an afterpiece) of the very animals (the elephants) which now afford it such pleasant *matériel* for facetious acrimony. In the piece at the Adelphi we have a species of parody on that at Drury Lane, in which Messrs. Reeve, Wilkinson, Buckstone, &c. sustain the parts of lion, tiger, &c. with great vulgarity. Such a character as that of *Seducing* we never dreamt suitable to Mr. Yates's abilities, but we certainly were surprised that he should have been backward in assuming "the ass in the lion's skin" himself, since he, of all others, on the establishment, in our judgment, has acted the part of the beast to the very life. Our remarks are concluded; could we have devoted more space, we should have rendered them infinitely better suited to the inaportance of the subject.

SURREY.

The opera of *Cinderella* has been got up here in a very superior style, with a judicious selection from the music of Rossini. The principal part of the piece devolves on Miss Somerville, and calls forth from that lady a display of talent of the very first order. Her success has been complete, and the execution of the beautiful finale invariably attended with an unanimous encore. Hill, Rogers, and Vale, were extremely

happy, and did much for some very indifferent dialogue. Hill astonished us by his vocal efforts. Mr. Edwin, who personated the *Prince*, seemed to think it beneath his dignity to know more than how to walk—and that not in the most graceful style—through a dance that is introduced. The scenery, for the most part, is new and extremely beautiful.

This Theatre has re-engaged Rayner, and given other indications of improvement: we trust the treasury may feel the effects of it. In one department this establishment is really powerful; it possesses a good orchestra led by Jolly, an excellent violinist and talented composer.

THE COBBOURG

Has recently, in addition to the accession of Dowton and Webster to its force, secured the valuable assistance of T. P. Cooke, who has appeared with inimitable talent in all his old most popular nautical characters; together with a new romantic drama, entitled *The Long Rifle*, which has met with the highest success. We are highly pleased to observe the very fashionable company that constantly honour this theatre with their presence. Mr. Davidge deserves success, and if he but continue to pursue his present admirable system of management, he may rely on insuring it.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A little drama in one act, under the title of *The Hussar, or Petticoat Colonel*, was produced at this theatre on the 30th of November, and met with complete success. It is adapted from the French, with original songs by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, and is, we understand, that lady's first dramatic attempt. The dialogue is sprightly, and the songs very pleasing, and altogether it is a very amusing trifle. The character of *Arabella* (the petticoat colonel), was most ably sustained by Mrs. A. Gibbs (late Miss Graddon), and she was loudly encored in her two songs, "I am the man for the ladies," and the "Soldier's Bride," (the music by Craven). Miss Dix sung also a pretty ballad, composed by the author of the piece.

Music.

THE HARMONICON. *A Monthly Journal of Music for November, 1831.*

This number contains some very excellent papers, well worthy of a careful perusal, for they are all calculated to instruct as well as

to amuse. There is a degree of talent pervading the "Harmonicon" that ensures from us the highest respect, and we hail the appearance of each successive number with infinite satisfaction. The music, this month

consists of a Rondo à la Paganini, by Lickl; a Movement from one of Beethoven's quartettes; a Song, "'Tis sweet to muse" (from Mrs. Kerr's Melodies, reviewed in our last); a Canzonet, by Smart; and the Cyclops Waltz, by Hummel.

CORONATION MARCH AND WALTZ. Composed by John Purkis. Z. T. Purday. Extremely spirited.

OH WEEP NOT FOR ME! The farewell address of a dying Christian. Written by M. A. Davis, composed by the Chevalier Sigismund Neukomm. J. Green.

A plaintive air in G minor, allied to some beautifully pathetic words.

YOUNG LOVE WORE A CHAPLET. Written by the Author of the "Tales of the Great St. Bernard;" the Music composed by A. T. Macdonald.

HE WENT WHERE THEY HAD LEFT HER. Written by F. W. N. Bayly; composed by Charles Purday. Z. T. Purday.

Both of these Songs having first appeared in the pages of "The Ladies' Museum," it becomes us not to speak of them critically, but if the favour with which they have been universally received be any test of their value, then may we fairly rank them amongst the most attractive of the ballads of the day.

PAGANINI'S DREAM. By the Author of "L'Ecole de Paganini." Purday.

Very pleasing, and highly to be recommended. A superior lithographed cut, which prefaces the title, is alone worth the price of this piece of music.

THE CADEAU; a Christmas, New Year's, Midsummer, or Birth-day Present for 1832. Johanning and Watmore.

The bard's, the painter's, and the minstrel's art

(Charming the senses whilst they touch the heart),

Are mingled here;—a token 'tis for Love
To offer unto Beauty: may it prove
Worthy, as grateful, to the chosen fair,
And may her smiles both gift and giver share.

This is the second volume of this elegant annual, this year brought out anonymously, but nevertheless with spirit. Last year Mr. F. W. N. Bayley's name was attached to the work, and we are sorry to find that differences have arisen between himself and the publishers, which have led to his

secession from his editorial duties in this quarter, and the establishment of others in a new one; but whether to excel his late efforts, or the present composition in taste or talent, remains to be proved. The chief aim in a Musical Annual should, in our opinion, be to collect as much variety as possible, and therefore it is that we must find fault with the compilation before us. With but a few exceptions, the whole of the poetry is written by a person who selects the signature of Sforza; and although, as we admit, several of his songs are good, nevertheless a sameness of style and sentiment pervades them all, which palls upon the ear. We make one selection:

'Tis dark, 'tis dark, but warm and still
My lute-strings faintly tremble,
Yet, oh, if thou canst hear their thrill,
No more, no more dissemble;
Wake, wake! I need thine angel eyes,
No other stars to-night will rise,

'Tis dark, 'tis dark, &c.

I wait beneath the willow tree,
Beside thy window weeping,
Oh, would that I its boughs could be,
To bend o'er thee while sleeping!
For then I'd wake thee with a kiss,
And thou wouldst hear me singing this—
'Tis dark, 'tis dark, &c.

Thou'rt sleeping love—sleep on, sleep on,
Kind angels hover o'er thee,
And bring thee all the blessings down
My heart beseeches for thee:
Good night, good night! my midnight lay
I sing once more, and then away.
'Tis dark, 'tis dark, &c.

The music, which is chiefly foreign, we shall notice in our next. Several lithographic drawings embellish the volume, but we cannot say that their execution is over good.

THE RASH VOW; a Ballad. Composed by Miss Isabella Munt. Z. T. Purday and J. Duff.

Easy and pretty, within the compass of all voices.

ROSA DEAR, MY ROSA DEAR.

WOMAN'S FLIGHTED LOVE. Written and composed by Mrs William Marshall. George and Manby.

Mrs. Marshall is indefatigable in song composition, and we must compliment her on her general success. Though not always very original, her songs are characterized by excellent taste, and the following will bear an advantageous comparison with any of this lady's former productions.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE, CHITCHAT, &c.

THEIR Majesties continue at Brighton. The Queen, we grieve to say, has been rather indisposed during the last month with a cold, accompanied by some slight symptoms of inflammation, which were however speedily subdued, and the royal patient is now restored to perfect health.

The absence of the Court has kept the metropolis in a somewhat dull state as regards fashion; nevertheless, the attention of the lieges has been fully occupied. Cholera Morbus, the Reform Bill, the Bristol Riots, and the frightful murder of the poor Italian, have afforded ample food for conversation. With respect to the first, the supposition that it has appeared in Sunderland has been proved to be almost, if not entirely, without foundation. The second of these worn-out matters will be brought before Parliament again about the 12th instant; and as ministers are resolved to have but "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," and the Tories determine in such case to oppose the measure heart and soul, why—why—but we are no prophets, and will here conclude the subject. Bristol is again quiet, and the staunch and best Tory Recorder, who determined to weather-all in the discharge of his duty, will, it is supposed, resign his office, and no longer benefit that city by his talents which has proved herself so unworthy of them. As to the poor little foreigner, no doubt can reasonably exist that at least two of the actors in the appalling tragedy will speedily meet their deserts. The unhappy differences existing between Mr. Neeld (the wealthy heir of the late Mr. Rundell) and his lady, have this month come before the public in a legal form. The affidavit of Lady Caroline Neeld sets forth sundry acts of cruelty and neglect on the part of her husband, such as locking her in a room at a public hotel, and her expressing a determination to seek revenge from such tyranny in the house of her father, pulling her back with a violence, the marks whereof remained on her person for several days. The affidavit also states, that a paper called the "Satirist," by the by, when will this disgusting print get down by the strong arm of power?), having ascribed the dissensions between the

parties to the improper conduct of Lady Caroline, her father, the Earl of Shaftesbury, strongly advised that a prosecution should be immediately commenced against it. This, being declined by Mr. Neeld, was entered upon by Lord Shaftesbury, which coming to the ears of Lord William Ashley, her brother, he indignantly insisted on Mr. Neeld's taking up the matter himself, or meeting him in mortal combat. The former course was then preferred. If these and other statements, much more flagrant, be correct, our opinion of Mr. Neeld had perhaps be better kept secret than recorded.

The following facts may be interesting, as a record:—The first appearance of the Indian cholera was in August, 1817, at Jessore and Calcutta; it was at Bombay and Madras next year; at Pekin in 1821; in the Indian Isles, 1823; Orenburgh, 1829; Astrachan (up the Volga) to Moscow, from July to September, 1830; at Warsaw, April 1831; Dantzic and Riga, in May; Archangel and Petersburg, in June; Pesth and Bucharest, in July; Berlin, in August; Vienna, in September; and Hamburg, in October.

The fear of infection has aroused public attention more than ever to the necessity which exists for the furtherance of the views of the General Cemetery Company. The share list is now, we believe, nearly, if not entirely filled; and we are happy to learn, that the work is proceeding with all possible rapidity. The Company has indeed started at, *for them*, a most auspicious period, and will, there can be no doubt, be a wealthy and prosperous concern.

One of the most amusing, and at the same time one of the most elegant games which have appeared for many years, has recently been shown us. It is the production of a lady of acknowledged taste. We are bound to the most inviolable secrecy as to its nature; but may predict, *en passant*, that when it appears (as it will do, we understand, *very* shortly), it will win its way to every drawing-room in the United Kingdom. We shall give due notice of its *débüt*.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

EVENING DRESS.

A *chaly* dress; the ground is white, figured in wreaths of very small ponceau and citron flowers; they are placed perpendicularly, and lightly arched. The *corsage* is cut low, and quite square, leaving the shoulders very much exposed. It is draped à la *Sevigné* in front, and sets close to the shape behind; a blond lace tucker stands up round the bust; short and very full sleeves, looped so as to form three separate puffs, and surmounted by a pointed *mancheron*. The head-dress is a white crape hat, a round brim of moderate size, and a low helmet crown; *coques* of crimson and white gauze riband adorn the inside of the brim; the crown is trimmed with knots of riband, and a bouquet of white ostrich feathers, tipped with crimson; the latter is placed on the left side. Diamond ear-rings and necklace.

MORNING DRESS.

A dress of fawn-coloured *gros de Naples*; a plain tight *corsage*, with short sleeves, over which are long white ones of *crêpe lisse*. *Canezou* of white tulle, trimmed with narrow blond lace, and richly embroidered: it is made with two collars; one is partially supported round the neck by a cravat of green gauze riband, fastened in front by a knot composed of cut ends of riband, the other falls over the shoulders; the back terminates in a point, under the *ceinture*; the fronts of the *fichu* form fasten behind. The hat is of *vert des Indes* velvet; it is of the new French shape, called a *la Paloise*. The interior of the brim is trimmed with *coques* of pea-green riband, and a band of riband brought across the left side; a single, but very high bow of riband, of the *coque* kind, adorns the crown.

WALKING DRESS.

A puce-coloured *gros de Naples* pelisse; a plain *corsage* with a triple pelerine, it is rounded behind, made with ends which cross in front, and each fall cut in scollops and corded with satin to correspond. Short *gigot* sleeve. The skirt fastens invisibly down the front, one side of which wraps a little over the other, and is pointed to correspond with the pelerine. French cottage bonnet, composed of emerald green velvet, and trimmed with knots of the same material, and a plume of white cocks feathers; the *brides* are of green gauze riband. White tulle frill, and neck-knot of green gauze riband. Siberian fox muff.

DINNER DRESS.

A *gras de Naples* dress; a white ground printed in a lozenge pattern of violet and

citron. The *corsage* is cut very low, square round the bosom, and in crossed drapery before and behind. A row of narrow blond lace, set on nearly plain, stands up before and behind. The sleeve is of the *Amadis* form, and excessively large at the top. Azure blue crape *beret*, the brim is of the usual size, but of a new shape, it is trimmed on the inside, next the face, with gauze riband, a shade lighter, disposed in *coques* and pointed ends. Four ostrich feathers to correspond are placed in front of the crown, and droop over the brim. Gold ear-rings and bracelets.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Mantles are very generally adopted in promenade dress; they are principally of *gros de Naples*, but we have seen a few, and on very genteel women, composed of French merinos; they are of dark colours, lined with rose colour, or ponceau *sanet*, and wadded; and we observe that the *pelerines* are of enormous size, larger even than those of last year, which is not the case with silk mantles.

Merino dresses are also very fashionable, with shawls; the latter are, in general, of our own manufacture, and offer a perfect imitation of cashmere, but the patterns are not of the palm kind. Some have no border, but are flowered *colonnes*; others have a plain ground, with Egyptian or Grecian borders. Some, of Thibet wool, have just been introduced, which have a very undress look, but are extremely light, soft, and warm; they will, probably, come into favour as the weather grows colder.

Watered silk bonnets are still very fashionable; but velvet ones, both plain and uncut, are more so. There is a considerable alteration in the size of bonnets, but very little in the shape; the crowns are a little higher than those of last season, the brims a great deal shallower, but setting close at the ears, and wide across the forehead. By far the greater number of walking bonnets are trimmed with gauze ribands, of rich wintery patterns and colours, arranged in full bows. If feathers are employed, they must be of the colour of the bonnet, not more than three in number, and very short; they are attached to the left side, near the top of the crown, by a bow of ribands.

Satin mantles begin to be worn in carriage dresses; but they are not so generally adopted as pelisse gowns composed either of watered *gros de Naples*, or *gros des Indes*. These dresses are mostly made in a plain

style; but some now in preparation, and which will be introduced in the course of the month, struck us as being remarkably novel and elegant; they were made up to the throat, with a high collar standing out from the neck, and a plain tight *corsage*. The pelerine went round the back and shoulders, and then descended in the shape of a heart on each side of the bust, terminating at the ceinture nearly in a point. The pelerine is cut in irregular *dents*, and a row of ornaments of the same description goes down each side of the front of the dress, in the form of a broken cone; these, as well as the pelerine, are bordered with very narrow silk fringe, a shade lighter than the dress. The sleeves are of the short *gigot* shape, finished with a cuff, cut at the upper part to correspond with the trimming, but smaller.

Carriage bonnets are composed of velvet and satin, but the latter are still the most numerous. The shape most generally adopted is that which we have described in speaking of promenade dress, but the *chapeau-capote* form is still worn by many *élégantes*. Some bonnets of this shape have the crown partially covered with a drapery, which is edged with blond lace; one end of this drapery forms a rosette on the left side, from which a single long ostrich feather issues and droops over to the right.

Figured and printed *gros de Naples* are much in favour in dinner dresses; several new patterns of *chaly* have also been introduced. The *corsages* of dinner gowns are, in general, made *à la vierge*; that is, of a delicate height, and rounded at the top; some are made with a little fulness at the bottom of the waist, before and behind, but setting close to the shape at the upper part; these are trimmed with a falling tucker *à l'enfant* of blond lace. Others are draped in the Grecian style, and the back part of the bust and shoulders finished *en schall* with the material of the dress. Long transparent sleeves, over short ones of the material of the dress, are generally adopted.

Crape and gauze berets, trimmed with ostrich feathers, continue in favour, but they are not so generally adopted as *toques* and *chapeau-berets*. *Toques* are of gauze; some are a mixture of plain and figured gauze, disposed in alternate folds. They are generally ornamented with a bird of Paradise, placed far back upon the left side, so that the plumage winds round the back of the head-dress, and forming a half circle, droops on the left side. *Chapeau-berets* are always of blond lace, and trimmed with ostrich feathers. The brims are very much reduced in size.

Fashionable colours are all the shades of

aventurine, crimson, dark blue, dark green, ponceau, violet, rose, and canary colour.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS IN NOVEMBER 1831.

Mantles begin to be generally adopted in promenade dress; they are mostly of woollen materials, as light as merinos, but somewhat thicker. The most fashionable are those printed in different patterns; one of these, of a singular and almost grotesque appearance, called *à l'Egyptienne*, is in the highest favour. We see also several satin mantles, with velvet pelerines, quite as large as those worn last year. Some are square, others are cut out upon the shoulders, or rather upon the upper part of each sleeve, in the form of an arch; the fronts and back are rounded, and descend very low.

Wadded pelisses, composed of rich twilled sarsnet, called *contil de soie*, are also in favour for the promenade; they are made with plain *corsages*, *gigot* sleeves, excessively large pelerines, which are generally square, and a falling collar, also square, and very large; they fasten invisibly down the front, and are always worn with a *boa tippet*. Dark slate, green, and various rich kinds of brown, are the favourite colours for pelisses.

Promenade bonnets are composed of velvet satin, and watered *gros de Naples*; but the last material, though still worn by many elegant women, is not considered so fashionable as the two former. Violet, *feuille d'acanthé*, and *aventurine*, are the favourite colours for promenade bonnets, which are now of the cottage shape, and excessively small. The brim is, indeed, so shallow, that it advances very little beyond the full tufts of curls on the forehead; it is short, and square at the ears; the crown is placed very backward, and finished behind with a shallow, but very full curtain. These bonnets are ornamented only with a single knot of riband, or a small bouquet of ostrich feathers, placed on the left side.

Chaly à la reine, *reps Africain*, and figured *gros de Naples*, are all in equal favour for the theatres and for dinner dress. The *corsages* are made half high, and are mostly trimmed with a *revers* of the same material, which is edged with a blond lace *ruche*; it opens in three places upon the shoulders, so as to have the effect of a half sleeve. The sleeves of dinner dresses are always long, and either of the *gigot* shape, or between that and the *imbecille* form.

Hats are equally in favour for the theatres and for dinner dress. The most fashionable shape is the *chapeau demi-beret*, the trimming consists either of down fea-

thers, arranged in the form of a branch of weeping willow, or else of two birds of Paradise placed in such a manner that their plumage forms an arch.

Another very fashionable hat is something of the Spanish shape, but small; it has the brim turned up all round, and an opening, made in a slanting direction, on the left side. If the hat is of satin the crown is of the helmet shape, and the material laid on in folds; if it is velvet the material is laid on plain, but the crown is partially covered with a blond lace drapery; a bouquet, consisting of five ostrich feathers, is attached, by a rosette of gauze riband, to the right side, four stand upright, and one falls through the opening already described, on the left side.

Tissu de Cashmere, pointed gauze, and the other materials described last month, are fashionable in full dress. The *corsages* are made very low round the bust, some are a *la Greque*, others are made with a lappel, which forms a *demi cœur*. The sleeves are generally short, of excessive width, and disposed in falling plaits. If the sleeves are long, they must be of blond lace, or of

gauze to imitate it. They are of the *gigot* shape, and the bouquets symmetrically arranged, three large ones on the upper part, from whence a row of smaller bouquets descends gradually to the wrist.

Coiffures a la Greque begin to be very numerous in evening dress. The hind hair is disposed in plaited braids, which form a knot at the back of the head, from which a tuft of curls descends in the neck, either behind or on one side. Beads, or a gold chain, is twisted among the plaits of the hind hair; that upon the forehead is disposed in the Madonna style. A bandeau of gold chain, or beads, whichever is employed to decorate the plaits, is brought in the *ferroniere* style, across the forehead. Jet beads are very fashionable for fair-haired *belles*. If the hair is dark, gold chain, or imitation of pearl, is generally employed.

The colours most in request are dark slate, green, and the different shades of brown, called *Aventurine*, violet, *feuille d'acanthé*, various sorts of red, celestial blue, and canary.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Bryanston, the Lady Emma Portman, of a daughter. In Weymouth-street, the lady of R. T. Glyn, Esq. of a son. At Michael's Grove, Brompton, the wife of E. E. Deacon, Esq. of a son. At Brompton, the lady of H. R. Pearson, Esq. of his Majesty's Treasury, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Meikleour House, Perthshire, P. Charles, Esq. M.D. of Putney, Surrey, to Sarah, daughter of the late Captain P. Hunter, of the Hon. East India Company's service, and the Hon. Mrs. Hunter. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lieut. W. T. Griffiths, R.N. son of the late Lieut.-General Griffiths, to Louisa Catherine, daughter of the late John Griffiths, Esq. of Argyll-street. At Hackney, the Rev. James Mather, of Clapton, to Mrs. Catherine Brooksbank, of the same place.

DEATHS.

At his residence at Hare Hatch, Berks, in the 74th year of his age, Sir G. S. Hol-

royd, Knt. late one of the Judges of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench. At his seat, Chellowes Park, in the county of Surrey, James Donovan, Esq. in the 85th year of his age. In Portman-square, Louisa, wife of Captain C. Bulkeley, of the 2d Regiment of Life Guards. In Cold Bath-square, in the 78th year of his age, Thomas Webbe, Esq. who until a short time before his decease held the situation of Surgeon to the House of Correction, and the New Prison, Clerkenwell, for a period of 37 years. He was a man of all others best suited to his official situation, and his loss will be severely felt by the sickly and unfortunate. In private life he was an honour to society, blending every kind, friendly, domestic virtue, in one—the desire to do good. On the 25th inst. at her uncle's house, Lambeth, of consumption, in the 19th year of her age, Miss Ann Caroline Holman, only niece of W. T. Moncrieff, Esq.

INDEX

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

PROSE.

- ANECDOTE, 82, 83, *ib.*, 130, *ib.*, 177, 178, *ib.*
 Appearances, 195
 Bar versus the Stage, 22, 147
 Beau Knight, The, 51
 Births, &c., 50, 98, 146, 194, 242, 324
 Byron, Lord, Character of, 293
 Champion, The, 4
 Chaplet, The, of Pearls, 216
 Chitchat, 46, 95, 143, 191, 239, 321
 Clara, or the Clandestine Marriage, 16
 Conjugal Affection, 129
 Cromwellians, The, 57, 159
 Danish Chief, The, 237
 Deaths, &c., 50, 98, 146, 194, 242, 324
 Drama, Notices of the, 42, 93, 142, 236, 315
 Editor's Council Chamber, 80, 174, 300
 Events of a Voyage, 99, 168
 Fashion, Mirror of, 48, 96, 144, 192, 240, 322
 Ferdinand de Guimaraens, a Portuguese
 Tale of the 13th century, 75
 Forensic Defiance, 130
 Fortunes of Charles Brandon, by Charles
 May, 270
 Fragment, by Coleridge, 304
 Knight's Contest, The, a Tale of the olden
 Times, 165
 Leaves from the Chronicles, No. I., 51; No.
 II. 122; No. III. 216; No. IV. 287
 Love of Truth, 129
 Marriages, &c., 50, 146, 194, 242, 324
 Military Anecdote, 33
 Pacha, The, 279
 Pigeon, The, or French Hazard, 109
 Scraps of the Month, 176
 Shipwreck, The, 118
 Sketches from Life, No. II. 1; No. III. 71;
 No. IV. 114; No. V. 153; No. VI. 210;
 No. VII. 266
 Slave Question, The, 298
 Story of Michael Kelly, by an Officer's
 Widow, 259
 Troubadour, The, an Historical Sketch of
 the 12th century, 66
 Two Pages of Childeeric, 122
 Village Curate, or a Christmas Eve Tale,
 by Edward Lancaster, 243

POETRY.

- A Call from the Spirit of the Woods, 152
 A Sister's Lamentation, 128
 All Things verge to an End, by Wm. Mi-
 not, jun. 209
 Alpine Hunter's Song, the, by H. C. Dea-
 kin, 305
 Anacreontic, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron
 Wilson, 70
 Aurora's Grave, by Wm. Minot, jun. 227
 Banner of our Fathers, the, by Jas. Knox,
 113
 Beloved, the, by W. R. Hayward, 122
 Bridal, the, by Delta, 303
 Canzonet, by James Knox, 71
 Canzonet, by Charles May, 287
 Death, by J. S. C., 108
 False One, the, by Thomas Haynes Bayly,
 82

- Florence, to, by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, 210
 Forget Me, by James Knox, 264
 Forget Thee, by the Rev. John Moultrie, 83
 Forsaken, the, 83
 Francisca, to, by James Knox, 3
 Gifts Returned, the, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, 108
 He Cometh, by John S. Clark, 297
 Heart and Cross, the, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, 32
 Heavenly Rest, the, 130
 Help, or they perish, by Mrs. Carey, 15
 Highland Coronach, by Sir Walter Scott, 226
 Holy Moonbeam, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, 4
 Home of Childhood, the, by John S. Clark, 177
 Hymn of the Mountain Christian, by Mrs. Hemans, 305
 I saw thee wedded, by the Rev. J. Moultrie, 226
 Jesse, 177
 In the Days of my Great Grandmamma, by Thomas Haynes Bayly, 129
 La Martine's 9th Meditation, by William Minot, jun. 214
 Lilla, to, 175
 Lines on leaving ———, by the late Lady Manners, 72
 Lines by Lord G. 79, 117
 Lines by Wm. Minot, jun. 164, 299
 Lines written on the Banks of the Rhone, 265
 Lines by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, 306
 Maria, to, on hearing her sing, 114
 Meditative Lines, 278
 Melancholy, by D. Moir, 226
 Merry Forester's Song, by Henry Mackal, 270
 Minute Gun, the, by Wm. Minot, jun. 21
 Mourner, the, by F. W. N. Bayley, 167
 Music from Shore, by Mrs. Hemans, 129
 My Mother, to, 121
 Night Thought, a, by Lord G. 225
 Ode to the memory of a father, by J. S. Clark, 63
 Oh! Sing Again, by James Knox, 71
 On the Death of an Infant, by the Rev. T. Dale, 32
 On the Death of Wm. Hayward, Esq., by John S. Clark, 31
 Orphan, the, by John S. Clark, 257
 Owl, the, 126
 Parted from Thee, 66
 Pirate, the, by Charles May, 151
 Reproach me not, 178
 Sailor's Dream, the, by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, 256
 Sea Boy's Departure, the, by Edw. Lancaster, 168
 She is Dancing with Another, by J. Knox, 158
 Shower Bath, the, by Horace Smith, 226
 Soldier's Destiny, the, by Charles May, 269
 Song, 173
 Song, by the Rev. Thos. Dale, 130
 Sonnet to Mrs. S. C. Hall, by Mrs. Holland, 279
 Soldier's Funeral, the, by L. E. L., 34
 Sonnet, by Delta, 130
 Souvenir, 214
 Stanzas for Evening, 33
 Stanzas by T. K. Hervey, 33
 Stanzas by E. L. Bulwer, 226
 The First Gray Hair, by Thomas Haynes Bayly, 303
 Thou art not Here, by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, 159
 Thoughts suggested by Mr. Linton's Sketches in Italy, drawn on stone, by Mrs. Holland, 20, 55
 To ———, by W. M., jun., 14, 292
 To the Owl, 82
 To Miss ———, 176
 Trafalgar, by T. Campbell, 34
 When you see her smiling, by F. W. N. Bayley, 117
 With Thee, 152

ARTICLES BY THE FOLLOWING WRITERS.

PROSE.

- Coleridge, 304
 Hermit in London, 16, 109, 165
 Holland, Mrs., 1, 71, 114, 153, 210, 266
 Lancaster, Edward, 195, 243
 Leading Contributor to Blackwood, 22, 147
 May, Charles, 270
 M., Wm. jun. 298
 S——, E. M., 4, 279
 T——, W. C., 57, 159
 Willis, Hal, 51, 122, 216, 227
 Wilson, J., 99, 163

POETRY.

- Bayley, F. W. N. 117, 167
 Bayly, Thomas Haynes, 82, 129, 303
 Bulwer, E. L. 226
 Campbell, Thomas, 34
 Carey, Mrs. 15
 Clark, John S. 31, 56, 63, 177, 257, 297
 Dale, the Rev. Thomas, 32, 130
 Delta, 30, 303

Deakin, H. C. 305
 G——, Lord, 79, 117, 225
 Hayward, William Robertson, 122
 Hemans, Mrs. 129, 305
 Hervey, T. K. 33
 Hofland, Mrs. 20, 55, 279
 Knox, James, 3, 71, 113, 158, 264
 Lancaster, Edward, 168
 L. E. L. 34
 Mackal, Henry, 270
 Manners, the late Lady, 74

May, Charles, 151, 266, 287
 Minot, William, jun. 14, 21, 164, 209, 214,
 227, 292, 299
 Moir, D. 226
 Moultrie, Rev. John, 83, 226
 Norton, the Hon. Mrs. 306
 Scott, Sir Walter, 226
 Smith, Horace, 226
 Wilson, Mrs. Cornwell Baron, 4, 32, 70,
 108, 159, 210, 256

 REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Bouquet, The, 314
 Cabinet, The, 315
 Cabinet Cyclopædia, 35, 84, 131, 186, 310
ib. 312½
 Cabinet Library, 131, 184
 Catechism of Phrenology, 86
 Comic Offering, 231, 311
 Continental Annual, 312
 Count Robert of Paris, 132
 Der vier undzwanzigste februar, 132
 Dibdin's Sunday Library, 85
 Die Deutschen Klienstadter, 232
 Enthusiasm, 182
 Facts relating to the punishment of Death
 in the Metropolis, 136
 Familiar German Exercises, Key to, 182
 Forget me Not, 228
 Friendship's Offering, 230, 311
 Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden,
 131
 Housekeeper's Account Book, 315
 Humourist, The, 229
 Hymns for Children, 136, 182
 Journal of a Residence in Normandy, 85

Juvenile Forget me Not, 230
 Landscape Annual, 228
 Lavalette, Count, Memoirs of, 179
 Literary Beacon, 86
 Literary Souvenir, 315
 Moral Paralysis, or the Gambler, 36
 New Game Laws, Abridgment of, 310
 Philip Augustus, or the Brothers in Arms
 34
 Pietas Privata, 86
 Pin Money, 306
 Private Correspondence of D. Garrick with
 celebrated persons, 135
 Romance of History, Italy, 308
 Roxobel, 84
 Staff Officer, 86
 Tales for Children, 136
 Tales of a Physician, 37
 Tales of Welchland and Welcherie, 39
 Tales of the late Revolutions, 137, 188
 Turning English Idioms into French at
 sight, 36
 Undine, 232

 REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

Coronation March and Waltz, 320
 Drawing-room Lyrics, 141, 235
 Harmonicon, The, 40, 91, 139, 190, 235, 319
 Heart of Glaris, The, 39
 He went where they had left her, 320
 Letter, The, 39
 L'Esperance, 235
 Lilla, 90
 Melodies, 236
 Oh weep not for me, 320
 O Yes? oh Yes, lost, lost a Heart, 39
 Ocean Sprites, The, 191
 O'er pictured hopes and parted days, 140
 Paganini, 40
 Paganini, L'Ecole de, 141

Paganini's dream, 320
 Patriotic Songs, 40, 90
 Rosa dear, 320
 Seventh fantasia upon airs, from the Opera
 of Cinderella, 191
 So your swain, love, has made an offer, 141
 Songs of Almacks, 235
 Songs of the days of Chivalry, 141, 235
 Stranger's Bride, 141
 The starting Tear, 235
 The Cadeau, 320
 The rash vow, 320
 Vacant Chair, The, 39
 Woman's plighted vow, 320
 Your love wore a chaplet, 320

EMBELLISHMENTS.

Portrait of Her Majesty, to face the Title.	Morning Dress, 144
Portrait of H.R.H. Prince George of Cumberland, 1	Please to Bestow your Charity, 147
Carriage Dress, 48	Dinner Dress, 192
Walking Dress, 48	Walking Dress, 193
Morning Dress, 48	Evening Dress, 193
Walking Dress, 48	SUNSET—View on the Welch Coast, 195
THE MOUSE TRAP, 51	Dinner Dress, 240
Carriage Dress, 96	Walking Dress, 240
Walking Dress, 96	First Ball Dress, 240
Morning Dress, 97	Second Ball Dress, 240
Opera Dress, 97	THE PEASANT'S GRACE, 243
THE BELOVED, 122	Evening Dress, 322
Walking Dress, 144	Morning Dress, 322
Carriage Dress, 144	Walking Dress, 322
	Dinner Dress, 322

The Music may be placed at the end of the volume.

END OF VOL. II.

147
95
"NOW MORN UNFOLDS HER ORIENT SWEETS:"

A BALLAD.

THE POETRY BY ROBERT BURNS.



THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY

FOR THE LADIES' MUSEUM,

BY

E. J. WESTROP.

NOW MORN UNFOLDS HER ORIENT SWEETS.

Andante.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass staff. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the initial dynamic is 'mf'. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'Now Morn unfolds her o-rient sweets, Her gou-den beams o' pur-ple hue, Now Mu-sic wakes frae drow-sy sleep, And all is blithe and fair to view, Then come and share my'. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The piece concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

mf

Now Morn unfolds her o-rient sweets, Her gou-den beams o'

p

pur-ple hue, Now Mu-sic wakes frae drow-sy sleep, And

all is blithe and fair to view, Then come and share my

mf

ad lib

Jeanie dear, Oh, come and taste those joys wi' me, On
wings of Love let's on-ward move, Let's seek the bower, I've
made for thee. Let's... seek the bower, I've made for thee.

2

Now see the Rose in a' its bloom,
Spread fragrance o'er the daisied lea;
The scented Hawthorn's sweet perfume,
The Lily fair and Gowan gay.

3

Now wha this blessed hour could shun,
This precious moment e'er let flee
Arise, arise, my Jeanie come
For O' thou'rt doubly dear to me.

Then come &c. &c

Then come &c.

THEY TELL ME I AM GREATLY CHANGED:"

A BALLAD.

WRITTEN BY CHARLES SWAIN.



THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY

FOR THE LADIES' MUSEUM,

AND INSCRIBED TO HIS FRIEND,

JOHN S. CLARK, ESQ.

BY

WILLIAM ROBERTSON HAYWARD.

THEY TELL ME I AM GREATLY CHANG'D.

Poetry by Chas Swain.

Music by W. R. Haywood

ANDANTE.

Legato. *p*

fz *mf*

p

They tell me I am great-ly chang'd From

mf

that which I have been, So chang'd it would have

cres: *fz* *p*

pass'd be-lief; Had they not known not seen. They

tell me my once graceful form, Is wa-ning-pale and
 thin, A-las! these blighted looks scarce speak The
 deep-er blight with-in.

2

I do not wish to send one pang
 Of sadness to thy soul!
 But there are feelings—deep and strong—
 We may not quite control;
 I do not—do I love reproach?
 Oh! if—forgive—forgive,
 'Tis woe to think of thee—and die!
 'Tis worse than woe—to live!—

"HE WENT WHERE THEY HAD LEFT HER:"

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD.

WRITTEN

BY F. W. N. BAYLEY, ESQ.



THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY

FOR THE LADIES' MUSEUM,

BY

CHARLES. H. PURDAY,

COMPOSER OF "THE MAID OF LLANWELLYN;"—"LAY OF THE MINSTREL
KNIGHT;"—"HE'S WHAT THEY CA' A BONNY LAD," &c.

"HE WENT WHERE THEY HAD LEFT HER."

Written by F.W.N. Bayley Esqr.

Composed by C.H. Purday.

Andantino con molto Espress:

legato.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system is an instrumental introduction marked 'Andantino con molto Espress:' and 'legato.' The second system continues the instrumental. The third system begins the vocal melody with the lyrics 'He went where they had'. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'left her, For the last sad pang was o'er, Ere death had quite be-reft her Of the charms her beauty'. The piano accompaniment is written in a simple, harmonic style, often using chords and single notes to support the vocal line.

He went where they had

left her, For the last sad pang was o'er, Ere

death had quite be-reft her Of the charms her beauty

wore; On a lone-ly couch he found her, And he
 prest her life-less hand, Tho' he saw the ha-lo
 round her, That was from the spi-rits land.

He knelt beside her weeping,
 And they watch'd him while he wept,
 'Till they thought that he was sleeping
 On the pillow where she slept;
 But when they went to wake him
 From his lone and silent rest,
 His dream would not forsake him,
 For his Sun was in its west.

"YOUNG LOVE WOVE A CHAPLET:"

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD,

WRITTEN BY

THE AUTHOR OF THE "TALES OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD."



THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY

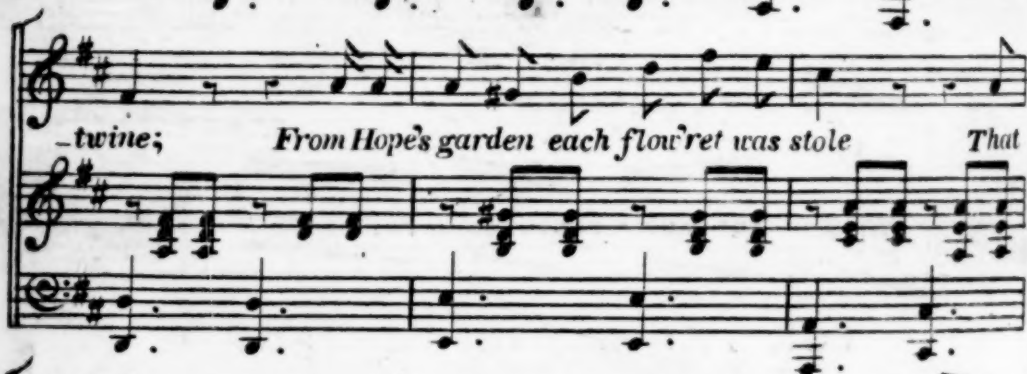
FOR THE LADIES' MUSEUM,

BY

A. T. MACDONALD.

YOUNG LOVE WOVE A CHAPLET.

TENDERLY:



caught, From the lips of young beauty a - sleep And be -

-dew'd them with tears he had kiss'd From eye-lids that rapture had

steep'd. ritard:

2

Oh! brighter and fairer they grew,
 Unting'd by a hue of decay;
 Till the trifler forsaking his task,
 Took wing, and in frolic, away.
 Hope vainly endeavour'd awhile,
 Their freshness and bloom to retain;
 Ev'ry flow'ret has wither'd and died,
 But the thorns of the chaplet remain.

"FAR THE TREMBLING BEAM IS DYING:"

DUETTO,

FOR TWO VOICES,

THE POETRY WRITTEN BY WILLIAM BALL, ESQ.



THE MELODY

ADAPTED AND ARRANGED EXPRESSLY

FOR THE LADIES' MUSEUM,

BY

S. NEWCOMBE.

"FAR THE TREMBLING BEAM"

1

Andantino.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass staff in 3/8 time, marked 'Andantino.' The piano part features a complex, tremulous melody with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The first system includes dynamic markings 'p' (piano) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The second system shows the vocal entry with the lyrics 'Far the trembling'. The third system continues the vocal line with 'Far the trembling' and includes a piano 'p' marking. The fourth system shows the vocal line with the lyrics 'beam is dy - ing, Mu - sic's softest note is'. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes. The score is written on ten staves, with the piano part on the top six and the vocal part on the bottom four.

Far the trembling

Far the trembling

beam is dy - ing, Mu - sic's softest note is

beam is dy - ing, Mu - sic's softest note is

sighing, At the promised sig - nal hy - ing

sighing, *Legato.* At the promised sig - nal hy - ing

Lo! our faithful Gon - do - lier. Hither speed thee,

Lo! our faithful Gon - do - lier. Hither speed thee,

Fairest! hi - ther, - Yon - der shore - Oh! Let us

Fairest! hi - ther, - Yon - der shore - Oh! Let us



thither, Let us o'er the wave to - ge - ther;
thither, Let us o'er the wave to - ge - ther;



Love a - waits thee, maiden dear! Let us
Love a - waits thee, maiden dear! Let us



o'er the wave to - - ge - ther; Love a - waits thee,
o'er the wave to - - ge - ther; Love a - waits thee,

Andante



mai - - den dear! Love a - waits thee,

mai - - den dear! Love a - waits thee,

mf

mai - - den dear! Love a - - waits thee,

mai - - den dear! Love a - - waits thee,

mai - den dear!

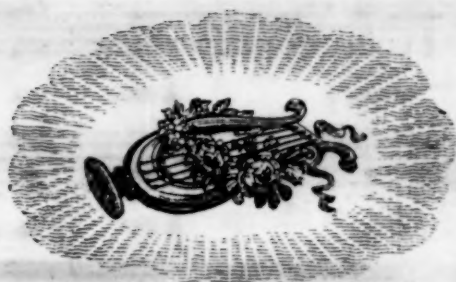
mai - den dear!

Carroll & Son

"LITTLE LASSES BE CAUTIOUS:"

AN ORIGINAL CAVATINA;

SUNG, WITH THE GREATEST APPLAUSE, BY MRS. H. HUGHES.



The Music

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY

FOR THE LADIES' MUSEUM,

By J. R. MACFARLANE, ,

**COMPOSER AND DIRECTOR OF THE MUSIC AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, BRIGHTON.**

LITTLE LASSES BE CAUTIOUS.

Composed by J.R. McFarlane.

Allegretto.

flute. oboe.

This system shows the first two staves of the instrumental introduction. The top staff is for flute and the bottom for oboe. Both are in 3/8 time and B-flat major. The flute part begins with a melodic line, while the oboe provides a harmonic accompaniment of chords.

corni *tutti.* *f*

This system shows the third staff, for corni. It begins with a series of chords, marked *tutti.* and *f* (forte). The melody continues on the flute and oboe staves.

Little Lasses be

This system shows the vocal entry. The vocal line (soprano) enters with the words "Little Lasses be". The instrumental accompaniment continues on the piano staves.

cautious and ne-ver say No When your meaning is

This system shows the continuation of the vocal line. The lyrics "cautious and ne-ver say No When your meaning is" are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment continues with chords.

yes, when your meaning is yes, At your word all your

Lovers may take ye you know, Then your fate you may

guess, Then your fate you may guess!

When Love and chance pro

duce the man, All should mar-ry when they

The first system of the musical score, measures 1-4. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are "duce the man, All should mar-ry when they".

can, Or your fate soon or late is the willow,

The second system of the musical score, measures 5-8. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics "can, Or your fate soon or late is the willow,". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the left and right hands.

the wil-low, the wil-low,

The third system of the musical score, measures 9-12. The vocal melody is repeated with the lyrics "the wil-low, the wil-low,". The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with eighth-note patterns.

the wil-low, That dullest of

The fourth system of the musical score, measures 13-16. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics "the wil-low, That dullest of". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic support.

ad lib: 5

trees the green willow. That dullest..... of

trees the green willow.

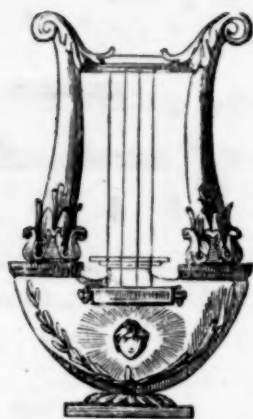
corni.

tutti.

When ere you have got a true Lover in view,
 Dont let him intreat,
 For a proverb you know which is certainly true,
 Which now I'll repeat.
 "She who will not when she may,
 When she would shall have a nay"
 Then your fate soon or late, &c, &c,

"BEAUTY, LOVE, AND FAME:"

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD.



WRITTEN AND COMPOSED

EXPRESSLY

FOR THE LADIES' MUSEUM,

BY

JAMES KNOX.

BEAUTY, LOVE and FAME!

Written & Composed by James Knox.

Allegretto



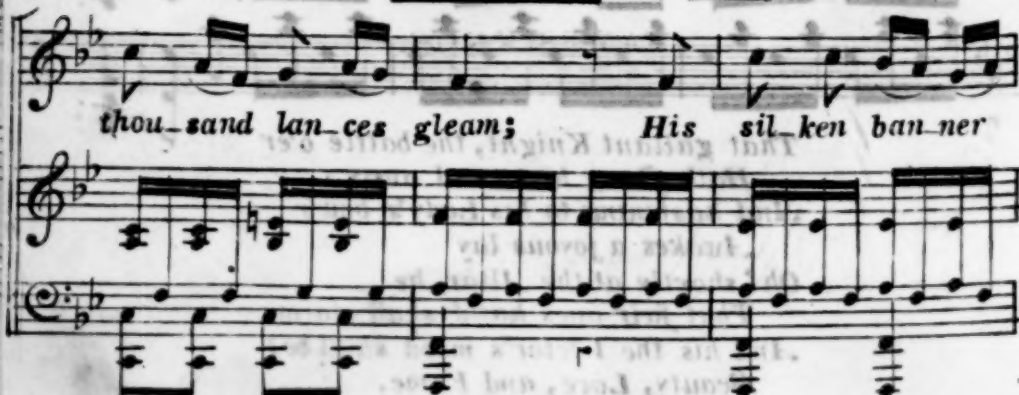
He mounts his steed that gal-lant Knight, And like the lightning's

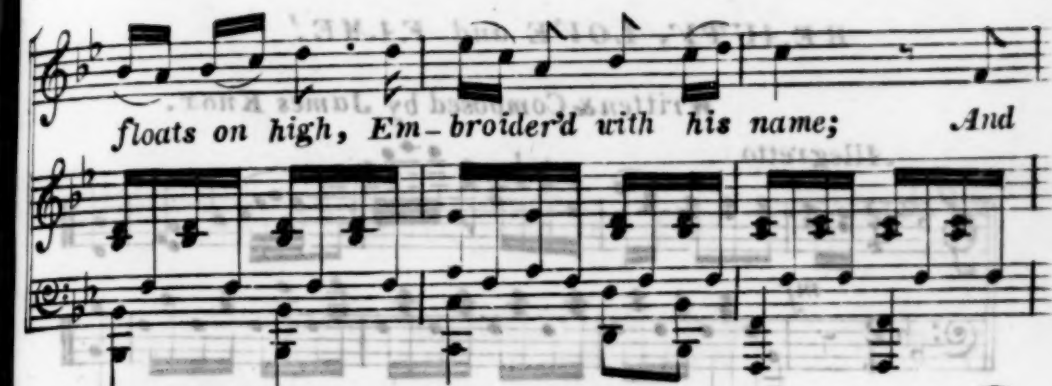


beam; Is dash-ing on-ward to the fight, Where a

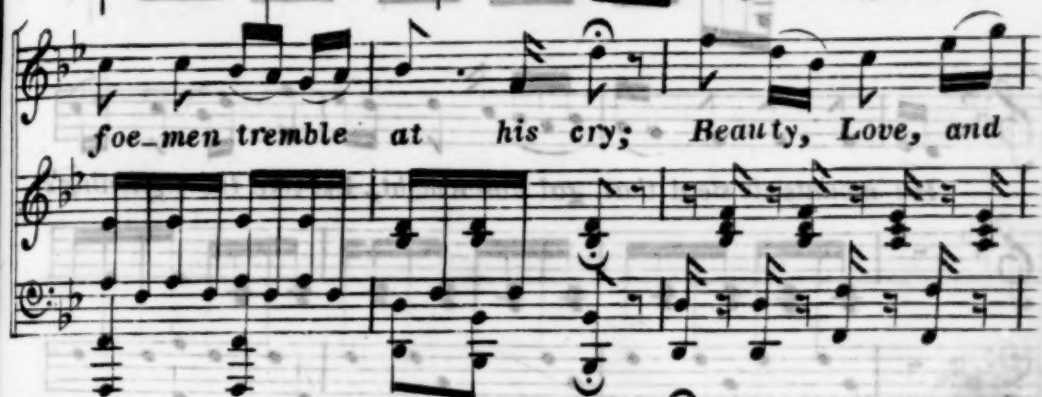


thou-sand lan-ces gleam; His sil-ken ban-ner





floats on high, Em-broider'd with his name; And



foe-men tremble at his cry; Beauty, Love, and



Fame! Beauty, Love, and Fame!

8 loco



That gallant Knight, the battle o'er
 Hath flung his sword away
 And hastening to his Lady's bow'r
 Awakes a joyous lay
 Oh! shortly at the Altar, he
 That fair ones hand shall claim,
 And his the Victor's meed shall be;
 Beauty, Love, and Fame.

"LONG AGO:"

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD,

WRITTEN BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR.



The Music

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY

FOR THE LADIES' MUSEUM,

BY

E. J. WESTROP.

"LONG AGO"

Andantino ed Espressivo.

Composed by E.J. Westrop.

p

mf

Long a-go! oh, Long a-go! Do not those

p
legato.

words re-call past years, And scarcely know-ing why they

flow, Force to the eyes un-bidden tears? Force to the

The first system of the musical score, measures 1-4. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "flow, Force to the eyes un-bidden tears? Force to the".

eyes un-bid-den tears? Do ye not feel, as back they

The second system of the musical score, measures 5-8. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "eyes un-bid-den tears? Do ye not feel, as back they". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the lower staves.

come, those dim sweet dreams of ol den days, A year-

come, those dim sweet dreams of ol den days, A year-

The third system of the musical score, measures 9-12. The lyrics are: "come, those dim sweet dreams of ol den days, A year-". A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present in the piano part. The system ends with a repeat sign.

--- ning to your childhood's home, peopled with tones of Love and

The fourth system of the musical score, measures 13-16. The lyrics are: "--- ning to your childhood's home, peopled with tones of Love and". A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in the piano part.

praise! Long, Long a - go!

mf

Long a - go! when ma - ny a sound a - woke to

p

mirth which saddens now, And many an eye was sparkling

round That weeps beneath a darken'd brow That weeps be

neath a darken'd brow; When with our whole young happy

hearts, We lov'd and laugh'd away the time, Nor thought.

mf

..... how quickly all departs, So cherish'd in life's ear-ly

p

prime — Long, Long a --- go!